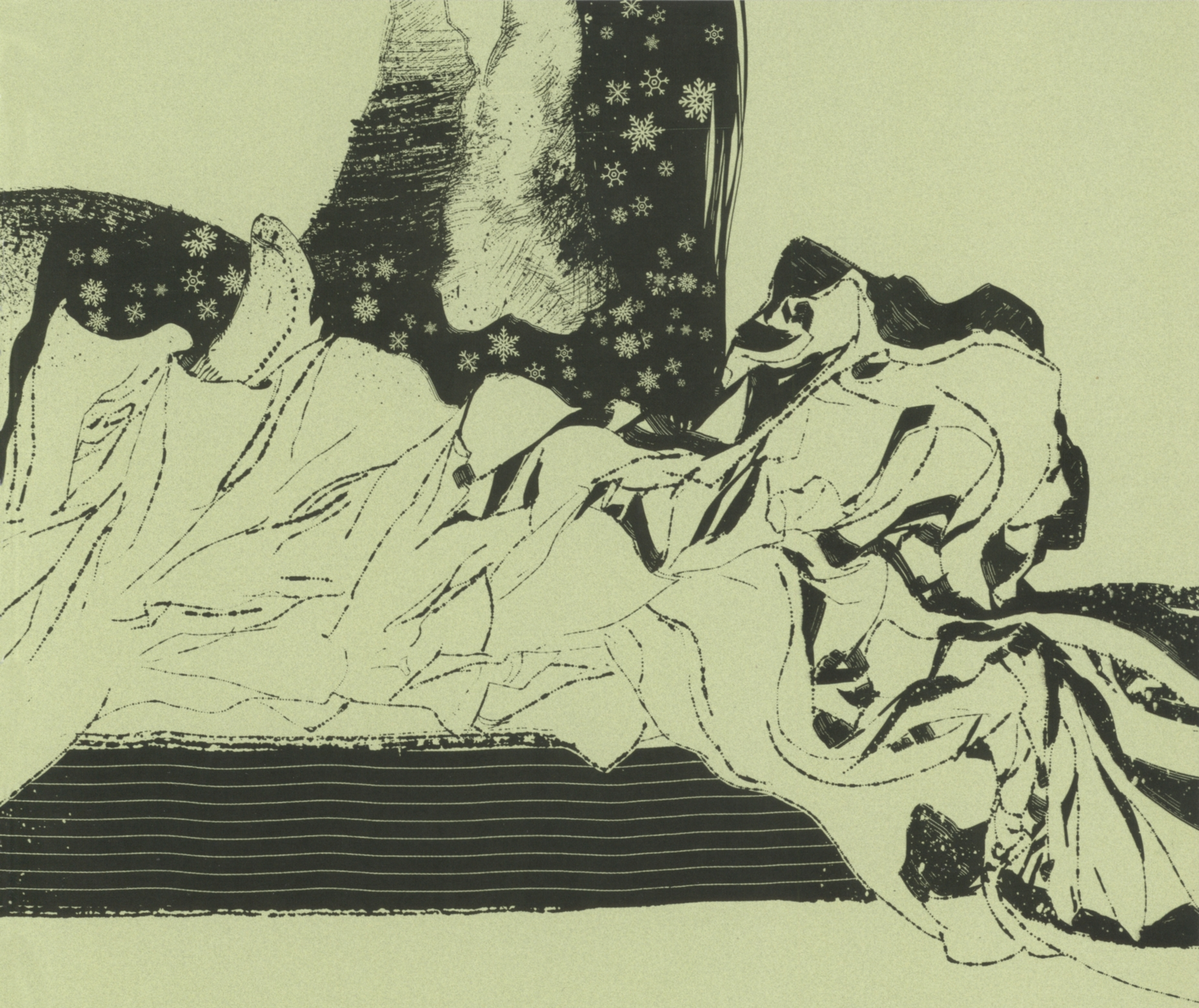
TORI AMOS

MACK

Little Earthquakes

THE GRAPHIC ALBUM



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Little Earthquakes
THE GRAPHIC ALBUM

STORIES AND VISUAL NARRATIVES BASED ON THE SONGS AND LYRICS OF TORI AMOS. USED BY PERMISSION.

"What character in mythology do you relate to the most?"

Tori's on the phone, calling me in Washington State. I'm not aware at the time that... with this conversation... comic books are being woven into her next album. And certainly neither one of us has any inkling of what the album will become. At the time it's just another conversation between friends.

There were a lot of conservations like that between two wounded friends in 1990. Tori, suffering the gut punch of having Y Kant Tori Read mocked by the press and ignored by the public. Me, having retreated to the inland northwest to desperately try to figure out my life after I was told by the Editor-in-Chief of Marvel Comics that I should be a plumber.

We talked and raged and laughed and tried to encourage each other as we felt around like blind children in the dark... Trying to figure out what our next moves should be. When an opportunity for a storyboarding gig came up in Los Angeles, Tori encouraged me to come down. "You can crash at my place." It's an incredibly kind and generous offer, and so I pack up the car and drive down.

When I get there, the first thing she does is sit me down to hear The Demos. She'd played Flying Dutchman on the piano for me over the phone, but I hadn't heard anything else. The tape rolls and my jaw drops. The entire album leaves me stunned and speechless. This isn't the tropes and clichés that she wrote in the hopes of getting a record deal. There is a literate wisdom and wry humor in the lyrics. She shoots me a sly grin and a giggle when the lyric *'and here I stand with this sword in my hand'* plays. There's no pleading for acceptance. No pining for stereotypically shitty relationships. It's confessional and defiant.

And it was undeniable that every song was fucking fantastic.

Unless, of course, you were an exec at Atlantic.
"*You promised me a great album! What am I supposed to do with* this?!"

It was a brutal call. If it had come a year prior, it might have been the final straw. But Tori had spent too much time doing The Work... day in day out... defining what was her voice. Silent All These Years wasn't just about a woman's relationship to a man. It was about a woman saying no to *all* the forces who would try to silence her.

And so, she went into the studio to record another group of songs. An 11th hour Hail Mary in the hopes that there'd be a song that would convince Atlantic to support her and get behind the album.

One night, in the midst of all this, Tori drops by, and immediately starts laughing at the towering stacks of comics that have invaded her tiny bungalow. I go into evangelist mode. Preaching the gospel of comics until she finally relents with, *"OK, pick one that you think I should read."* I hand her the Calliope issue of The Sandman. Moments later, she looks up from the pages with saucer eyes and asks, *"Are there more of these?"*

Three weeks later, right before the San Diego Comic Convention... she's playing another tape for me. It has new songs on it, and there's a line in one of them. *"If you need me, me and Neil'll be hanging out with the dream king. Neil says 'hi' by the way."*

It's easy for us to forget in today's world of ubiquitous superheroes that, back then, comics weren't seen as having any real cultural significance. The comic industry was described at the time as the place where artists and writers went when they had been rejected by every other 'real' form of entertainment.

But here... in this song... was evidence to the contrary. These stories *matter*. They can have impact on a bigger scale.

In hindsight, I'm certain that's why I took a copy of the tape with me, and handed it to Neil at the convention. There was vital momentum at play. Something powerful had been started here, and I needed to carry it through.

It's the same kind of primal creative impulse that led Tori and I to discuss doing a graphic novel project 15 years later. It seemed so obvious. A way to keep that energy in motion, and demonstrate how stories can be inspired by song in a undeniable way that allows the space for a personal, authorial voice.

Much like those stacks of comics did for her, back in 1990.

Because, artists are *hungry*. Regardless of what your creative weapon of choice is, we all feed off other art. Music, dance, art, theatre, writing, and yes... even comics. And... If the work is strong and true to the creator's vision, every piece is like a glove thrown down to other creators.

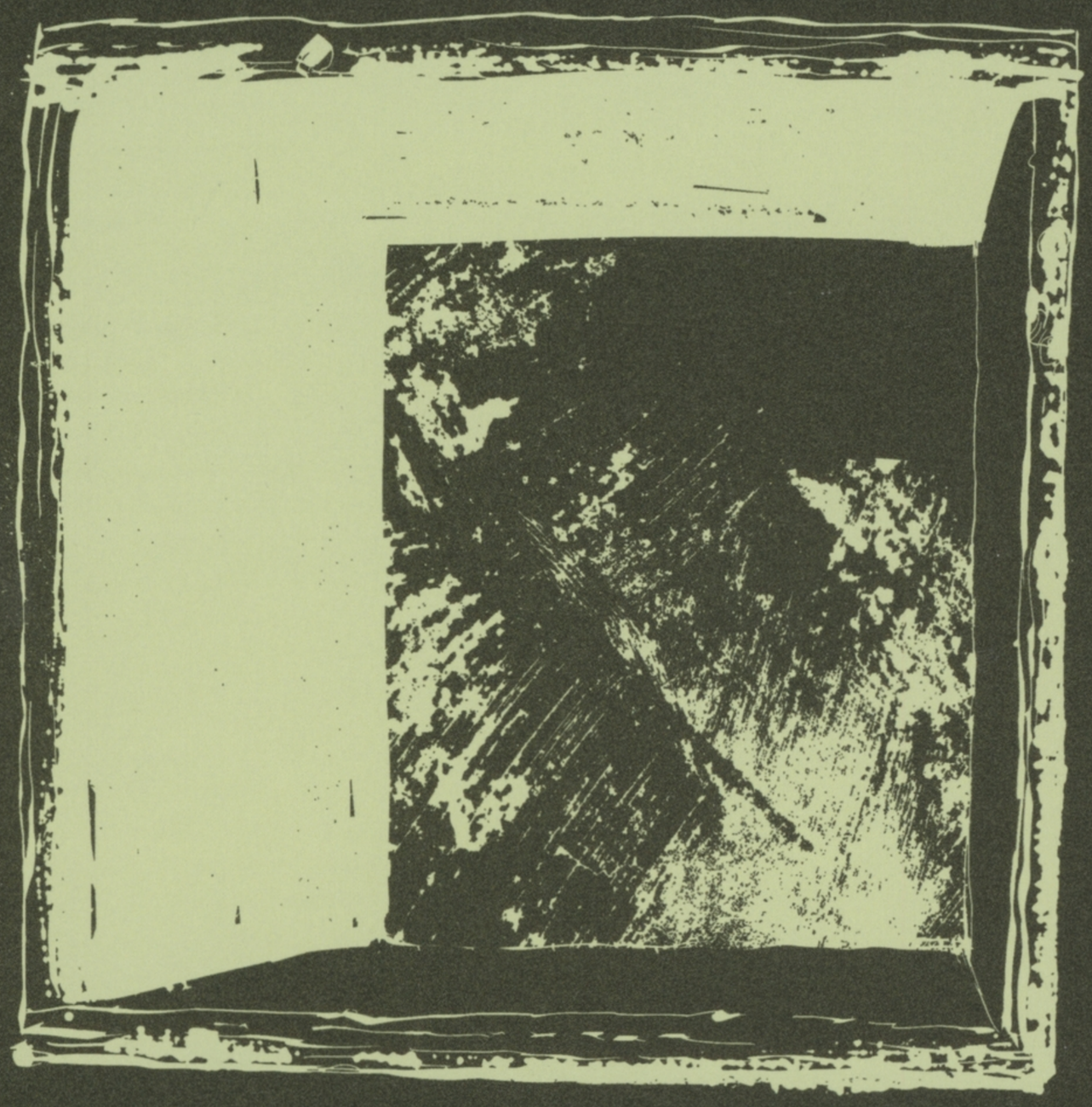
A challenge to add their voice to the mix.

A voice that might have been silent for too many years.

And so, on this 30th anniversary of Little Earthquakes...

Here we go again.

Rantz, Los Angeles — June 2022



CRUCIFY

NEIL KLEID
Writer

ANDY MACDONALD
Artist

DC ALONSO
Colorist

Every finger in the room
is pointing at me
I wanna spit in their faces
Then I get afraid what that could bring
I got a bowling ball in my stomach
I got a desert in my mouth
Figures that my COURAGE
would choose to sell out now.

I've been looking for a savior
in these dirty streets
Looking for a savior
beneath these dirty sheets
I've been raising up my hands
Drive another nail in
Just what GOD needs
One more victim

Why do we crucify ourselves
Every day I crucify myself
Nothing I do is good enough for you
Crucify myself
Every day I crucify myself
And my HEART is sick of being
in chains

Got a kick for a dog
beggin' for LOVE
I gotta have my suffering
So that I can have my cross
I know a cat named Easter
He says will you ever learn
You're just an empty cage girl
if you kill the bird

I've been looking for a savior
in these dirty streets
Looking for a savior
beneath these dirty sheets
I've been raising up my hands
Drive another nail in
Got enough GUILT to start
My own religion

Why do we crucify ourselves
Every day I crucify myself
Nothing I do is good enough for you
Crucify myself
Every day I crucify myself
And my HEART is sick of being in chains

Please be
Save me
I CRY

Looking for a savior
in these dirty streets
Looking for a savior
beneath these dirty sheets
I've been raising up my hands
Drive another nail in
Where are those angels
When you need them

Why do we crucify ourselves
Every day I crucify myself
Nothing I do is good enough for you
Crucify myself
Every day I crucify myself
And my HEART is sick of being
in chains

Why do we
Crucify ourselves
Everyday

Never going back again
Crucify myself
Again You know
Never going back again to
Crucify myself
Everyday

HOWARD, LET ME ASK YOU...

...ARE YOU HAPPY?

AM I HAPPY?

Why Do We Crucify Ourselves?

FUCK NO, DOC.

I CAN'T REMEMBER THE LAST TIME I FELT HAPPY.

WHY IS THAT?

IT'S...IT'S BECAUSE, UH...

...WELL, BECAUSE OF THE DEMONS.

OKAY.

TELL ME ABOUT THE DEMONS.

THE DEMONS START IN EARLY, JUST BEFORE I WAKE.

WAITING... LURKING AND READY TO POUNCE THE MOMENT I OPEN MY EYES.

"THEY SNATCH AND CLAW, REAPING AWAY REST, TURNING MORNINGS INTO MISERY...

YOU NEVER BUY ENOUGH FOOD, DAD! UNFAIR!

UNFAIR! YOU CAN'T AFFORD THE SHOES I WANT!

YOU ALWAYS LET US DOWN! UNFAIR!

"...CHASING ME OUT THE DOOR...

GO TO WORK, LOSER... IF YOU CAN CALL DRAWING PICTURES "WORK!"

FAT! NO AMBITION! I SHOULD DIVORCE YOU FOR A BANKER!

UNFAIR!

"...DOGGING MY EVERY THOUGHT AND STEP."

IS THAT GUY GONNA MUG ME?

BROKE!

LAZY!

OH GOD, DO THOSE GIRLS THINK I'M STARING?

WILL PEOPLE JUDGE ME IF I DON'T GIVE THIS GUY MONEY?

I HOPE HE DOESN'T GET ME SICK.

"A MIGRAINE KICKS IN, BUT THE DEMONS ARE RELENTLESS...BOMBARDING MY HEAD, MY PHONE....

--Y'NEVER CALL, HOWARD! WHAT KINDA IDIOT SON NEGLECTS HIS MUDDER?

--THREE MONTHS PAST DUE, FREELOADER! PAY OR WE'LL SUE!

"...NEVER LEAVING ME ALONE. MY GUTS TIGHTEN AS THEY BREATHE DOUBT INTO MY EAR...

YOU'RE SHIT. MAYBE I'LL FIRE YOU.

NOT GOOD ENOUGH. NEVER WILL BE.

WE LAUGH ABOUT YOU AT THE BAR.

BAD PROVIDER.

BAD FATHER.

BAD HUMAN.

ANTI REFO

ASPIRIN

"...CURDLING MY WAKING HOURS...

"...AND ENDING DAYS WITH STRESSFUL ANGUISH, BEFORE I GIVE IN TO SLEEP'S WELCOME EMBRACE."

AM I HAPPY?

I'M FUCKING MISERABLE, AS IS EVERYONE AROUND ME.

AND THE WORST THING, DOC?

I KNOW... I KNOW THAT I'M DOING IT TO MYSELF.

IT'S ALL IN MY HEAD. THERE ARE NO ACTUAL DEMONS.

IT'S JUST...ME. MY ANXIETY.

EVERY FINGER IN THE ROOM POINTS MY WAY, CRUCIFYING ME...

...AND EVERY FINGER'S MINE.

HOWARD.

FRET NOT. I KNOW YOU WANT TO BE HAPPY.

THE CHAINS AND THE DEMONS CAUSING YOU MISERY, AND IN TURN CAUSING MISERY TO OTHERS... THE ANXIETY THAT YOU FEEL...

...JUST KNOW THAT YOU AREN'T ALONE.

EVERYONE HAS THEIR OWN PRIVATE DEMONS.

WE CRUCIFY OURSELVES, HOWARD...EACH OF US, AS INDIVIDUALS.

SOME OF US HAVE LEARNED TO... COPE WITH IT.

BUT IT NEVER TRULY LEAVES. IT'S A DAILY STRUGGLE, I GET IT.

THANKFULLY, UNLIKE MANY, YOU'VE REALIZED THAT YOU NEED HELP WITH THE FIGHT. YOU WANT TO BE HAPPY.

AND SO YOU'RE HERE TO DO BATTLE

"SO THANK YOURSELF, HOWARD. FOR BEING COURAGEOUS. FOR TAKING THAT STEP

"AND TRY KEEPING THIS IN MIND FOR NEXT WEEK..."

"SOMETIMES OUR PERCEPTIONS DISTORT WHAT WE HEAR. THE MISERY YOU PERCEIVE...ANGER OR JUDGMENT YOU THINK PEOPLE FEEL ABOUT YOU..."

WEAKLING!

UGLY!

INFECTED!

"...ISN'T ALWAYS ABOUT YOU, BUT THEM DEALING WITH DEMONS OF THEIR OWN. THE REAL BATTLE IS HEARING THROUGH THE DISTORTIONS.

WEAKLING!

...DIDN'T LIFT TODAY.

UGLY!

...I HATE MY NOSE.

INFECTED!

...IS THIS THE FLU?

"THE BATTLE IS IN HEARING WHAT'S REALLY BEING SAID...

PAY ME!

--HELP WITH A PAYMENT PLAN. WE'LL WORK IT OUT--

TERRIBLE SON!

--HOWARD... I MISS YOU."

"...ESPECIALLY WHEN AT HOME...

"...WHERE THE DEMONS, AND ALL THE ANIMOSITY AND STRESS YOU PERCEIVE?"

UNFAIR.

USELESS.

"IT'S ALL IN YOUR HEAD. YES, IT'S A BATTLE.

"BUT IT'S A BATTLE YOU CAN FIGHT. WE'LL DO IT TOGETHER.

HEY... DADDY'S HOME!

"AND YOU'LL HAVE HELP FROM THOSE YOU LOVE, WHO WANT YOU TO BE HAPPY, TOO.

"EVENTUALLY, YOU'LL TURN MISERY BACK INTO MOMENTS...

"...AND STOP CRUCIFYING YOURSELF EACH DAY.

"BECAUSE I PROMISE, ONCE YOU LEARN HOW TO COPE, TO BE HAPPY...

"...THAT YOU'LL NEVER GO BACK."

"SO. SHALL WE BEGIN?"

from in the shadow she calls
in the shadow she finds a way
finds a way
and in the shadow she CRAWLS
clutching her faded photograph
my IMAGE under her thumb
yes with a message for my heart
yes with a message for my heart
she's been everybody else's girl
maybe one day she'll be her own
everybody else's girl
maybe
one day she'll be her own
and in the doorway they stay and laugh
as violins fill with water screams
from the BLUEBELLS can't make them go away
well I'm not seventeen
but I've cuts on my knees
falling down as the winter
takes one more CHERRY TREE
rushin' rivers thread so thin limitations
dream with the flying pigs
turbid blue and the drugstores too
safe in their coats and-a in their 'dos'
a smother in our hearts
a pillow to my dots
one day maybe one day
one day she'll be her own
and in the mist there she rides
and castles are burning in my heart
and as I twist I hold tight
and I ride to work every morning
wondering why
"sit in the chair and be good now"
and become all that they told you
the white coats enter her room
and I'm callin' my baby
callin' my baby callin'
my baby callin'
everybody else's girl
maybe one day she'll be her *own*

GIRL

LEAH MOORE
Writer

AMILCAR PINNA
Artist

FROM IN THE SHADOW, SHE CALLS...

AND IN THE SHADOW SHE FINDS A WAY, FINDS A WAY...

AND IN THE SHADOW SHE CRAWLS...

CLUTCHING HER FADED PHOTOGRAPH...MY IMAGE UNDER HER THUMB...

"YES, WITH A MESSAGE FOR MY HEART..."

"YES, WITH A MESSAGE FOR MY HEART..."

SHE'S BEEN EVERYBODY ELSE'S GIRL...

...MAYBE ONE DAY SHE'LL BE HER OWN.

EVERYBODY ELSE'S GIRL...

...MAYBE ONE DAY SHE'LL BE HER OWN.

HEY, AND IN THE DOORWAY, THEY STAY...

AND *LAUGH* AS VIOLINS *FILL* WITH WATER

SCREAMS FROM THE BLUEBELLS CAN'T MAKE THEM GO AWAY...

WELL, I'M NOT *SEVENTEEN*...

...BUT I'VE CUTS ON MY KNEES.

FALLING *DOWN* AS THE WINTER...

TAKES *ONE* MORE *CHERRY* TREE.

EVERYONE ELSE'S GIRL...

...MAYBE ONE DAY SHE'LL BE HER OWN.

EVERYONE ELSE'S GIRL...ONE DAY SHE'LL BE HER OWN

RUSHIN' RIVERS THREAD SO *THIN*, LIMITATION...

EVERYONE ELSE'S GIRL...ONE DAY SHE'LL BE HER OWN

DREAMS WITH THE FLYING PIGS TURBID BLUE...

OH, EVERYONE ELSE'S GIRL...

AND THE DRUGSTORE'S TOO SAFE...

FOOD

MAYBE ONE DAY SHE'LL BE HER OWN

DRUGSTORE 24 HRS

IN THEIR COATS AND IN THEIR DO'S...

'OH, EVERYONE ELSE'S GIRL...

'YEAH, SMOTHER IN OUR HEARTS, A PILLOW TO MY DOTS...'

MAYBE ONE DAY, MAYBE ONE DAY...

ONE DAY SHE'LL BE HER OWN...

SHE'S BEEN EVERYBODY ELSE'S GIRL...MAYBE ONE DAY SHE'LL BE HER OWN...

EVERYBODY ELSE'S GIRL, MAYBE ONE DAY SHE'LL BE HER OWN?

AND IN THE MIST, THERE SHE RIDES...

AND CASTLES ARE BURNING IN MY HEART...

AND AS I TWIST, I HOLD TIGHT

AND I RIDE TO WORK EVERY MORNING WONDERING WHY...

'SIT IN THE CHAIR AND BE GOOD NOW, AND BECOME ALL THAT THEY TOLD YOU

THE WHITE COATS ENTER HER ROOM...AND I'M CALLING MY BABY

CALLING MY BABY, CALLING MY BABY, CALLING...

EVERYBODY ELSE'S GIRL, MAYBE ONE DAY SHE'LL BE HER OWN

EVERYBODY ELSE'S GIRL, MAYBE ONE DAY SHE'LL BE HER OWN.

EVERYBODY ELSE'S GIRL.

MAYBE ONE DAY SHE'LL BE HER OWN.

SILENT ALL THESE YEARS

MARGARET ATWOOD
Writer

DAVID MACK
Artist

excuse me but can I be you for a while
my DOG won't bite if you sit real still
I got the anti-Christ in the kitchen yellin' at me again
yeah I can hear that

been saved again by the garbage truck
I got something to say you know but NOTHING comes
yes I know what you think of me you never shut up
yeah I can hear that

but what if I'm a mermaid
in these jeans of his with her name still on it
hey but I don't care
cause sometimes I said sometimes I hear my voice and it's been
HERE silent all these years

so you found a girl who thinks really deep thoughts
what's so amazing about really deep thoughts
Boy you best pray that I bleed real soon
how's that thought for you

my scream got lost in a paper cup
you think there's a heaven where some screams have gone
I got 25 bucks and a cracker do you think it's enough
to get us there

years go by will I still be waiting
for somebody else to understand
years go by if I'm stripped of my beauty
and the orange clouds raining in my head
years go by will I choke on my tears
till finally there is nothing left
One more casualty
you know we're to EASY easy easy

well I love the way we communicate
your eyes focus on my funny lip shape
Let's hear what you think of me now but baby don't look up
the sky is falling

your MOTHER shows up in a nasty dress
It's your turn now to stand where I stand
Everybody lookin' at you here take hold of my hand
yeah I can hear them

SILENT

All These Years

Margaret Atwood

Writer

David Mack

Artist

We mermaids have a long history with princes.

Sometimes we drown them.
Sometimes we rescue them.

Sometimes they fear us and spear us. They think we're evil.

Sometimes we lure them with our golden singing.

We have amazing voices. Irresistible. Famous for it.

A girl can get hungry. Clams aren't always enough.

But sometimes we fall in love with them. We feel they love us too.

I don't recommend it.

You know the drill.
In order to join my beloved prince on land,
I needed legs. In order to get the legs,
I had to sell my voice.

This is always done
through a shadowy old sea hag
who lives either in a magic undersea
grotto or in your head.
Your choice.

The sea hag got my voice.
She put it into a paper cup.
She gave me a magic knife.

I used the magic knife
to cut myself some legs.

It hurt like screaming hell,
but I couldn't scream.

I had no voice
left. None
at all.

Mermaids don't bother with clothes. We are wild and free. You may have noticed.

But people have a thing about covering themselves up. I needed to solve this.

Mermaids are accomplished thieves. We especially like pearls, but I made do.

CAFE

Walking was hell. But I managed.

My reunion with my Prince was joyful.

At first.

He seemed to have a whole set of human clothing in just my size.

How thoughtful!

Something was odd.

What was this other woman's name doing on the jeans?

I suspected I was not the only mermaid in my lover's life.

I also suspected that my Prince was not really a Prince. Mermaids can be mistaken about that, lacking experience.

Who cares if your dinner is royalty, as long as it's yummy?

I said nothing, of course. I'd traded my voice: I was silent.
The Prince didn't seem to care. In fact, the Prince didn't seem to notice.
The inside of my head felt like tears all the time.

I wanted song, but instead there was nothing.
I wanted my voice back.

And I had a good idea where I might find it.

One day I found my voice!
But how to put it back into me, where it belonged?

The voice itself told me.

There's more than one use for a magic knife.

Sometimes clams aren't enough.

so I ran faster
but it caught me here
yes my loyalties turned
like my ankle
in the seventh grade
running after BILLY
running after the rain

these precious things
Let them bleed
Let them wash away
these precious things let them break
their hold on me

he said you're really an ugly girl
but I like the way you play
and I died
but I thanked him
can you believe that
sick. holding on to his picture
dressing up every day
I wanna smash the faces of those beautiful BOYS
those christian boys
so you can made me cum
that doesn't make you JESUS

I remember yes
in my peach party dress
no one dared
no one cared
to tell me where the pretty girls are
those demigods
with their NINE-INCH nails
and little fascist panties
tucked inside the heart
of every nice girl

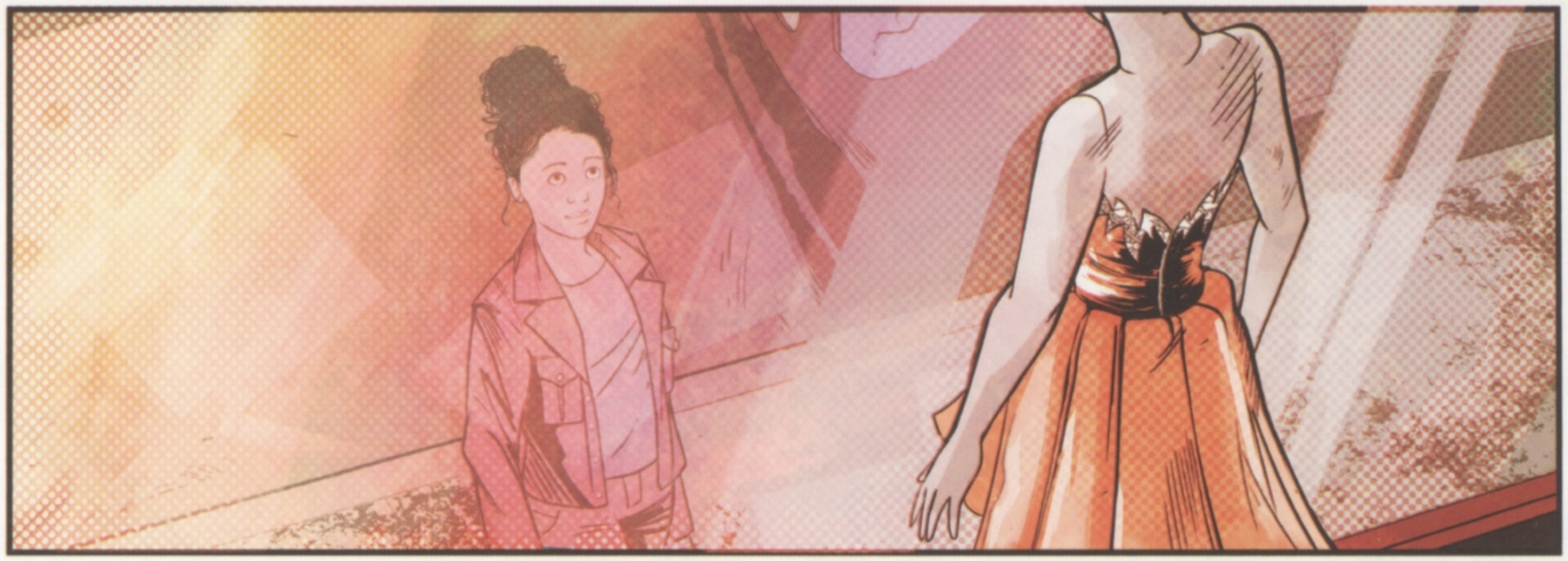
PRECIOUS THINGS

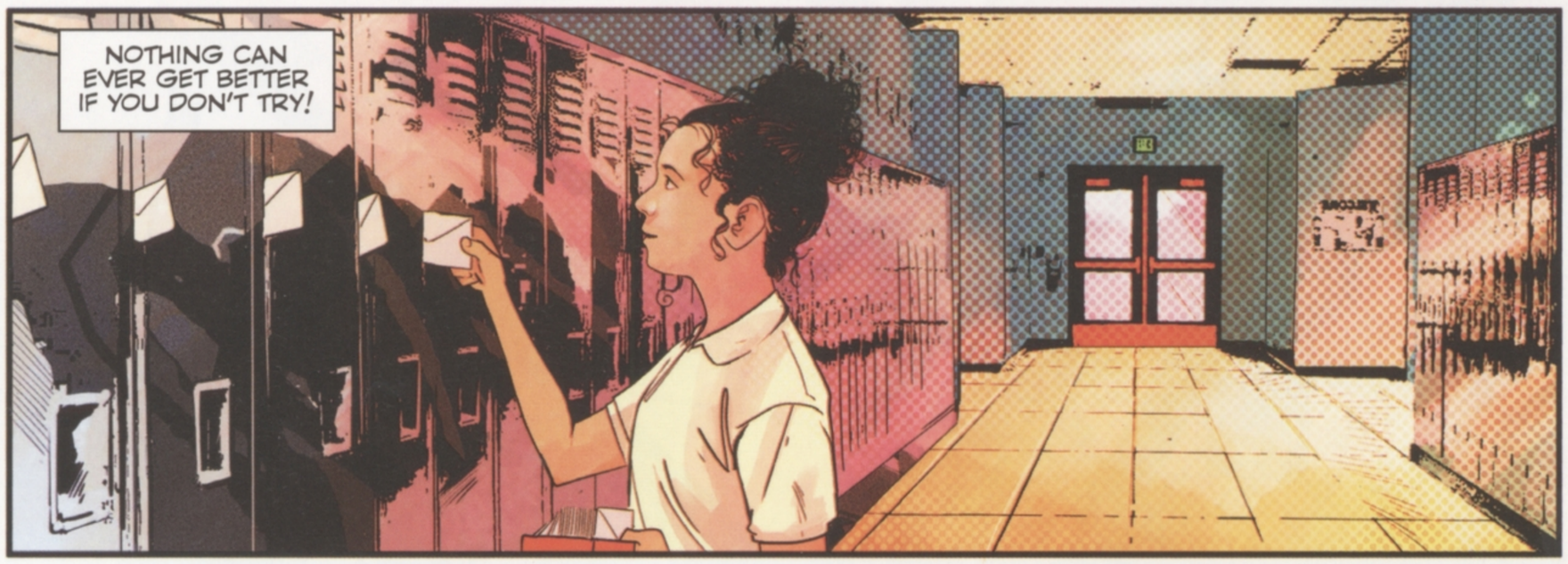
CATHERYNNE VALENTE
Writer

SEBASTIAN PIRIZ
Artist

OUR LITTLE SECRET... YOU'RE LUCKY I LET YOU.

NOKIA
16:05
You're in for it tonight. 7pm
Menu




NOTHING CAN EVER GET BETTER IF YOU DON'T TRY!

...ARE YOU GOING TO HAVE CAKE? BECAUSE I'M ALLERGIC TO GLUTEN... NOT THAT I'M COMING, OBVIOUSLY.
I HEARD YOUR PARENTS ARE OUT OF TOWN?
CAN I BRING MY BOYFRIEND?
IS THIS A BOOZE YES SITUATION OR A BOOZE NO SITUATION?
Invited

SHE'S SUCH A FUCKING DISASTER. I DON'T KNOW IF I CAN DO IT, MAN.
SERIOUSLY, IT'S GOING TO SUCK SO MUCH. LET'S JUST GO OVER TO MELISSA'S GUEST HOUSE LIKE ALWAYS.
IT'S THE FIRST OF THE MONTH, THAT MEANS PRESCRIPTION REFILL PARTY.
SHUT THE FUCK UP.
I MEAN, I WOULDN'T TOUCH HER WITH YOUR DAD'S DICK, SAWYER, BUT...IT'S THE RIGHT THING TO DO.
ATTENDANCE NOT OPTIONAL... UNLESS YOU WANT TO STAY A STUPID LONELY ASSHOLE FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE

TODAY'S THE DAY EVERYTHING CHANGES. I JUST KNOW IT. THEY'RE SORRY, OR THEY WOULDN'T BOTHER COMING.

THIS IS THE FIRST DAY OF YOUR MUCH BETTER LIFE, VIC.

ARE WE EARLY? DID WE MISS IT? WHERE SHOULD WE PUT THESE?

DON'T WORRY. I MADE THE CAKE WITH ALMOND FLOUR.

SO WHERE ARE YOU GOING THIS FALL?
YALE.
HARVARD.
PRINCETON.
STANFORD.
OXFORD.
MIT.
NYU.
CARNEGIE MELLON.
NO NEED TO ASK WHERE YOU'RE HEADED, BIRTHDAY GIRL.
HEY, WHERE ARE YOUR PARENTS?
OH... DAD HAD A CONFERENCE HE COULDN'T SKIP, SO...
WELL...DO THEY HAVE A LIQUOR CABINET? WE REALLY CAN'T DO THIS THING WITHOUT A LITTLE WINE TO MAKE IT PROPER.
WHAT'S YOUR FAVORITE?
BILLY?
...I DIDN'T TELL ANYONE, I SWEAR.
...IT'S A REALLY NICE PARTY, VIC. I THINK EVERYTHING'S GONNA CHANGE FOR YOU AFTER THIS. I REALLY DO.
YEAH?
I'M SURE OF IT.

VICTORIA! THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR THIS BEAUTIFUL EXPERIENCE YOU'VE GIVEN US. BILLY, IS IT TIME FOR THE BIG SURPRISE?

S..SURPRISE?

COME ON, BABE, DON'T YOU WANT YOUR PRESENT?

WE SET IT UP WHILE YOU WERE INSIDE!

YOU'LL NEVER BELIEVE IT.

BILLY AND LISSA REALLY WENT ALL OUT.

YOU SHOUL'VE SEEN WHAT THEY DID FOR THAT FOREIGN EXCHANGE STUDENT LAST YEAR, IT WAS EPIC!

DON'T BE SHY! YOU DESERVE SOMETHING SPECIAL WHEN YOU TURN 16!

HEY. I REALLY AM SORRY. ABOUT ALL OF IT. NO MORE SECRETS. HAPPY BIRTHDAY, DARLING.

W... WHAT? THIS ISN'T FUNNY. I THINK... I THINK EVERYONE SHOULD GO HOME....

IT'S NOT MEANT TO BE FUNNY. IT'S MEANT TO BE *IMPORTANT. MEANINGFUL.*

EFFECTIVE.

IT'S OUR TRADITION, VICTORIA.

WE'RE SO GRATEFUL TO YOU. IT MEANS SO MUCH THAT YOU WOULD DO THIS FOR US.

WE'LL NEVER FORGET YOU.

EAT SHIT. LET ME GO!

YOU CAN'T JUST LET A SACRIFICE GO, VIC. THEN IT WOULDN'T WORK.

WHY? WHAT WOULDN'T WORK? WHAT DO YOU WANT?

OUR FUTURE. IT'S A HUNGRY GOD. IT WON'T BLESS US FOR NOTHING.

PLEASE. I'M SORRY FOR WHATEVER I DID WRONG. BILLY. JUST STOP. I LOVE YOU.

WHO WANTS A PIECE WITH A FLOWER ON IT?

THREE DAYS LATER

WE LEARNED ABOUT HUMAN SACRIFICE IN A.P. HISTORY.

AZTECS, DRUIDS, EGYPTIANS, VIKINGS. IPHEGENIA AND THE MINOTAUR AND PROMETHEUS.

I WANT TO SMASH THE FACES OF THOSE BEAUTIFUL BOYS...

THESE PRECIOUS THINGS/LET THEM BLEED/LET THEM WASH AWAY...

I NEVER GAVE IT ANY THOUGHT. BUT YOU KNOW, MRS. BUTLER WAS NEVER TOO BIG ON DETAILS.

WELL. IT'S HARDLY AN EXACT SCIENCE THESE DAYS. RESULTS MAY VARY.

THE FUTURE IS A HUNGRY GOD. NOW, SO AM I.

THESE PRECIOUS THINGS/LET THEM BREAK...

WHAT'S FOR LUNCH TODAY, BILLY? I'M STARVING.

...THEIR HOLD ON ME.

WINTER

BILL SIENKIEWICZ
Writer & Artist

snow can wait
I forgot my mittens
wipe my nose, get my new boots on
I get a little warm in my heart
when I think of winter
I put my hand in my father's glove
I run off where the DRIFTS GET DEEPER
sleeping beauty trips me with a frown
I hear a voice,
"you must learn to stand up for yourself
cause I can't always be around"
he says...

when you gonna make up your mind
when you gonna love you as much as I do
when you gonna make up your mind
'cause things are gonna CHANGE so fast
all the white horses are still in bed
I tell you that I'll always want you near
you say that things change, my dear

boys get discovered
as winter MELTS
flowers competing for the sun
years go by
and I'm here still waiting
withering where some snowman was
mirror, mirror
where's the crystal palace
but I only can see myself
SKATING around the truth who I am
but I know, Dad, the ice is getting thin

hair is grey
and the fires are burning
so many dreams on the shelf
you say "I wanted you to be PROUD of me"
I always wanted that myself

when you gonna make up your mind
when you gonna love you as much as I do
when you gonna make up your mind
'cause things are gonna CHANGE so fast
all the white horses have gone ahead
I tell you that I'll always want you near
you say that things change, my dear
all the white horses

WiNTeR

Lyrics: Tori Amos *Art: Bill Sienkiewicz*

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wipe my nose, get my new boots on
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all the white horses have gone ahead
I tell you that I'll always want you near
you say that things change, my dear
all the white horses

and if I die today I'll be
the HAPPY phantom
and I'll go chasin'
the nuns out in the yard
and I'll run naked through
the streets without my mask on
and I will never need umbrellas in the rain
I'll wake up in strawberry fields every day
and the atrocities of school I can forgive
The HAPPY phantom has no right to bitch

oo who the time is getting closer
oo who time to be a ghost
oo who every day we're getting closer
the sun is getting dim
will we pay for who we been

so if I die today I'll be
the HAPPY phantom
and I'll go wearin'
my NAUGHTIES like a jewel
they'll be my ticket
to the universal opera
there's Judy Garland taking Buddha by the hand
and then these seven little men get up to dance
they say Confucius does his crossword with a pen
I'm still the angel to a girl who hates to SIN

or will I see You dear
and wish I could come back
you found a girl that You
could TRULY love again
will you still call for me
when she falls asleep
or do we soon forget
the things we cannot see

HAPPY PHANTOM

ANDREA BELL
Writer & Artist

AHA! I FOUND MORE BEET ROOTS!

WONDERFUL. I THINK THAT'S THE LAST OF WHAT WE NEED.

DONG DONG

SOON MY LOVE, THEY WON'T BE ABLE TO HUNT US ANYMORE.

WHEN WE'RE HAPPY PHANTOMS!

THE HAPPIEST PHANTOMS.

SHOW YOURSELVES, EVIL ONES!
THE TIME IS GETTING CLOSER. LET'S MAKE HASTE.
LEAVE OUR WOODS!

"HAPPY PHANTOM. SOOTHE THY HEAD, FOR YOU ARE SOON TO BE A HAPPY PHANTOM OF YOUR FORMER SELF."

"PREPARE FOR AN ETERNITY OF HAPPINESS, RELEASING THE ANGUISH AND HATE FROM THY HEART."

HAPPY PHANTOM

AS A HAPPY PHANTOM, I'LL BE RUNNING NAKED THROUGH THE VILLAGE, WITH NO ONE TO STOP ME!

AS A HAPPY PHANTOM, I'LL BE THE ONE PLAYING TRICKS ON THE NUNS IN THE YARD!

AS HAPPY PHANTOMS, WE'LL NEVER HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT THEM TAKING US AWAY...

I'LL SEE YOU ON THE OTHER SIDE.

THUD!

TIME TO BE A GHOST.

END.

China all the way to New York
I can feel the distance
getting close
You're right next to me
But I need an airplane
I can feel the DISTANCE
as you breathe

Sometimes I think you want me to touch you
How can I
when you build a great WALL around you
In your eyes I saw a future together
You just look away
in the distance

China decorates our table
Funny how the CRACKS don't
seem to show
Pour the wine dear
You say we'll take a holiday
But we never can agree on
where to go
Sometimes I think you want me
to touch you
How can I when you build
a great WALL around you
In your eyes
I saw a future together
You just look away
in the distance

China all the way to New York
Maybe you got lost in MEXICO
You're right next to me
I think that you can hear me
Funny how the distance
learns to grow

Sometimes I think
you want me to touch you
How can I when you build
a great WALL around you
I can feel the distance
I can feel the distance
I can feel the distance getting close

CHINA

WIKTORIA RADKIEWICZ
Writer & Artist

I KNEW SOMETHING WAS WRONG THE MOMENT MY MOTHER TOOK THE FORBIDDEN CHINA SET OUT OF THE CUPBOARD.

I DIDN'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT OUR HEIRLOOM, ONLY THAT IT DID SEEM TO HAVE BEEN ACCOMPANYING THE WOMEN OF OUR FAMILY FOR GENERATIONS, SURVIVING THE HARSHEST WINTERS OF HISTORY.

I THINK IT HAD BEEN WITH US SINCE THE LAST CRUSADE...

SOMEHOW, IT HASN'T BEEN LOST TO THE WITCH TRAILS, NOR TO THE BLOODY UPRISINGS, NOT EVEN TO THE CRAZE OF THE INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION.

IT WAS PROBABLY ENJOYED IN THE VICTORIAN TIMES AND REMAINED UNSCATHED IN THE TWO WORLD WARS.

CHANGING HANDS AFTER HANDS, FROM GENERATION TO GENERATION, UNTIL IT HAD FOUND MY MOTHER.

MOTHER WAS SO SECRETIVE.

SHE NEVER TALKED ABOUT HER FAMILY...

...OR THIS STRANGE GIFT THAT WAS PASSED DOWN COUNTLESS GENERATIONS...

...AND TRAVELLED ALL OVER THE WORLD.

SHE RARELY OPENED HER MOUTH AT ALL...

...UNLESS TO MAKE CUTTING REMARKS OR BARK OUT ORDERS.

SHE WARNED ME COUNTLESS TIMES TO STAY AWAY FROM THE CUPBOARD.

CRASH

SHIT SHIT SHIT SHIT SHIT SHIT SHIT SHIT SHIT SHIT

YET, THE TASTE OF THE FORBIDDEN WAS TOO SWEET.

THE CRASH RANG IN MY EARS LIKE THE TRUMPETS OF ARMAGEDDON.

PULSE THUMPING IN MY THROAT, I KNEW THIS WAS MY JUDGEMENT DAY.

I GOT READY FOR ALL HELL TO BREAK LOOSE.

I'M SURPRISED IT TOOK YOU THIS LONG TO DESTROY IT.

BUT HER VOICE WAS JUST RESIGNED, AND AS SHE HELD THE SHARP, DELICATE PIECES...

I FELT AS IF THAT WAS HER HEART THAT I HAD JUST BROKEN INSTEAD.

AND JUST LIKE THAT, SHE HAD LEFT TO BURY THE PIECES IN THE WOODS BEHIND OUR HOUSE.

IT'S AN OLD WIVES' TALE, THAT BROKEN TREASURE SHOULD BE BURIED IN A RICH, MOIST SOIL.

AS SHE DUG IN THE FOREST, I WENT TO BED WITHOUT SUPPER.

MY STOMACH WAS REPLETE WITH GUILT.

WHEN I WOKE UP, THE WHOLE HOUSE SEEMED TO BE AGLOW. I HEARD UNUSUAL, ANIMATED CHATTER IN THE KITCHEN. I LIKED IT AT FIRST, THIS CHANGE SHE WENT THROUGH.

THERE WAS NO SIGN OF HER USUAL PALENESS AND STORMY EXPRESSIONS, AND THE STERNNESS THAT I DESPISED WAS GONE.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT GOT INTO YOU LAST NIGHT, BUT I'M NOT COMPLAINING!

ANYTHING FOR YOU, DEAR.

WOW, YOU NEVER ALLOW US TO EAT CHOCOLATE FOR BREAKFAST.

FROM TODAY ON, YOU CAN HAVE IT EVERY DAY.

WHOA, COULD YOU MAYBE BUY ME THESE NEW SNEAKERS THAT I ASKED FOR?

ANYTHING, DEAR.

WAIT, IN THAT CASE, CAN I GO OUT WITH ANJA TONIGHT?

DARLING, YOU DO WHATEVER YOU WANT TO DO.

SHE NEVER ALLOWED ME TO GO OUT LIKE THIS BEFORE.

SO, I WAS QUICK TO STAY OUT,

TO COME HOME LATE.

I WAS EVEN QUICKER TO REALISED THAT SOME OF MY MOTHER'S RULES MAY HAVE BEEN THERE FOR A REASON.

BECAUSE AS IT GOES,

EVERYTHING IS GREAT,

UNTIL IT ISN'T.

AAAAAAAA

AAAAAAAa!

BY THE TIME I GET HOME, EVEN THOUGH THE TEARS, I COULD STILL SEE HIS SMILE, SHARP LIKE A KNIFE.

HUFF

HUFF

MAMA, I'M SO SORRY TO KEEP YOU UP. YOU WERE ALWAYS RIGHT; I SHOULDN'T HAVE STAYED OUT SO LATE--

I KNEW SOMETHING WAS OFF THE MOMENT SHE SERVED US BREAKFAST ON THAT CHINA SET.

DARLING, YOU WANT TO STAY OUT, THEN DO. DO WHATEVER YOU WANT TO DO.

BUT ONLY NOW I UNDERSTOOD MY MOTHER HAD NEVER LEFT THAT FOREST.

EVERYONE AROUND THE TOWN NOTICED THE CHANGE.

BUT THEY EVERY ONLY COMPLIMENTED HER ON HER SHINY HAIR,

DELICATE SKIN,

SENSE OF HUMOUR.

WHEN ASKED ABOUT THE SECRET OF HER SUDDEN CHANGE, THE IMPOSTER HAD ALWAYS THE SAME ANSWER:

HEAR THE CALL, ANSWER THE CALL. WHAT TO BESTOW UPON YOU, THE WOODS BY OUR HOUSE WILL KNOW.

THE IMPOSTER KNEW I RECOGNISED FOR WHAT IT WAS, BUT IT MOSTLY LET ME BE.

DARLING, ARE YOU HUNGRY?

IT STOOD IN THE SOUTH-EAST WINDOW NIGHT AFTER NIGHT, JUST... POINTING. FINALLY, IT CONVINCED THE TOWN FOLK THAT OUR FOREST WAS MAGICAL.

DARLING, COME AND SEE. EVERYONE HAD ANSWERED THE CALL.

BEFORE I KNEW WHAT WAS HAPPENING,

EVERYONE WAS SUDDENLY MAKING A PILGRIMAGE

TO THE WOODS BEHIND OUR HOUSE.

FOR LUCK,

FOR MONEY,

FOR LOVE.

PLEASE, STOP! AREK, LET'S GET OUT OF HERE.

DAD, PLEASE! TELL HIM SOMETHING!

WHATEVER CAME BACK, HAD ITS SMILES AND EYES EMPTY.

JUST LIKE THE THING THAT REPLACED MY MOTHER.

SLOWLY, EVERYONE IN TOWN SUCCUMBED TO THE WOODS BEHIND OUR HOUSE.

I WAS NOW THE ONLY ONE LEFT.

STILL UNCHANGED.

AND SO,

WITH NO BODIES TO BURY

I HAD TO TRY AND MOURN MY TOWN, MY FAMILY

EVEN AS THEIR EMPTY BODIES CARRIED ON LIVING...

RIGHT NEXT TO ME.

I WISHED I HAD NEVER TOUCHED THAT POT.

I WISHED MY MOTHER WAS WITH ME.

YOU SHOULDN'T BE HERE.

DARLING, LEAVE IT BE. YOU WILL INHERIT IT AFTER I'M GONE.

UNTIL THEN, DO NOT BOTHER, DO NOT FRET, DO NOT THINK. JUST DO WHAT YOU WANT TO DO.

IN HER COLD PRACTICALITY, MY MOTHER WOULD'VE KNOWN WHAT TO DO.

I THINK I JUST MIGHT.

BUT THEN, I AM MY MOTHER'S DAUGHTER. SUDDENLY, IT BECAME OBVIOUS WHAT I OUGHT TO DO.

IF I WANTED TO LIVE AND SET US ALL FREE,

I HAD TO BURN THAT CHINA POT, PURGE THE EVIL,

PURGE THAT SOURCE OF MISERY.

BURN THAT FOREST TO THE GROUND.

THE SPARK CONSUMED EVERYTHING. MY WHOLE LIFE WENT UP IN FLAMES.

IT DIDN'T WORK. IT DIDN'T BRING MY FAMILY BACK. BUT AT LEAST THE IMPOSTERS ARE NOW ALL GONE.

YEARS GO BY. I STILL THINK ABOUT THEM ALL, BUT SOME THINGS ARE TOO HORRIFIC TO TALK ABOUT THEM OUT LOUD.

SO, I KEEP TO MYSELF, LIKE MY MOTHER DID.

I ONCE HEARD THAT THE DISTANCE LEARNS TO GROW.

I HOPE I CAN EXPAND WITH IT, BEFORE I REACH THE BREAKING POINT

YOU, MY CHILD, IF YOU DARE, TRY AND NIP IT IN THE BUD.

BREAK THE SILENCE, BREAK THE CIRCLE, BUT BE CAREFUL NOT TO BREAK ANY ANCIENT CHINA SETS.

LEAVE THE POT.

MAMA, PLEASE. I JUST WANTED TO POUR YOU-

LEAVE. IT.

YOU NEVER KNOW WHAT MAY CRAWL OUT OF THE WOODS...

TO COLLECT THE PIECES.

look I'm standing naked before you
don't you want more than my sex
I can scream as loud as your last one
but I can't claim innocence
oh god could it be the weather
oh god why am I here
if love isn't forever
and it's NOT THE WEATHER
hand me my leather
I could just pretend that you love me
the night would lose all sense of fear
but why do I need you to love me
when you can't hold what I hold dear
I almost ran over an angel
he had a nice big fat cigar
"IN A SENSE" he said
"you're alone here
so if you jump you best jump far"

LEATHER

KELLY SUE DECONNICK
Writer

BENJAMIN DEWEY
Artist

COMFORTS

COMFORTS

"I SAY! MUST BE A *MIGHTY NEED* TO BRING A SOUL OUT IN A STORM LIKE THIS ONE."

DON'T SUPPOSE YOU'VE COME LOOKING FOR A BOX OF WHIMSY, HAVE YOU?

I-I DON'T THINK SO, I...

TOO BAD.

DAMN THINGS REFUSE TO SIT UPRIGHT ON THE SHELF.

I...I

PERHAPS I SHOULD GO.

NO! I KID YOU, MADAME.

WHIMSEY IS FOR *LATER*. ONE DOES NOT BEGIN WITH DESSERT.

WHIMSY

WHAT IS IT THAT YOU NEED?

THAT'S JUST IT...

I-I DON'T KNOW.

MAY I?

WE SPECIALIZE IN THE HARD-TO-FIT, THE UNKNOWN NEED...

THE CRAVING FOR A FLAVOR YOU CAN'T DESCRIBE BECAUSE YOU'VE NEVER TASTED IT BEFORE.

LET YOUR EYES DRIFT SOFTLY OVER THE SHELVES. DON'T THINK, JUST EXPLORE.

I'M TAKING TOO LONG. I'M SO SORRY.

NONSENSE. TAKE YOUR TIME.

EXCUSE ME...

OH MY!

I'VE LOOKED.
I'VE LOOKED AT EVERY SINGLE THING...I'VE SNIFFED AND LISTENED AND LET MY EYE DRIFT AND I'M TIRED AND I'M WET AND I'M *COLD* AND IT *ISN'T HERE, SIR!*

IT ISN'T HERE.

WHAT ISN'T?

TRY TO NAME IT.

THE *THING*. THE THING I NEED. I LOOKED EVERYWHERE. EVERY SHELF, EVERY BOX.

YOU MUST HAVE MISSED SOMETHING. DID YOU SEE *PLEASURE?* WHAT ABOUT *PURPOSE?*

I SAW THEM. I THOUGHT FOR A MOMENT THAT ONE OF THE *PURPOSES* MIGHT BE THE THING, BUT NONE SUITED ME.

I SHOULD GO.

NO!

YOU CAN KEEP TRYING, BUT IT WON'T OPEN FOR YOU, I'M AFRAID. NO ONE LEAVES EMPTY-HANDED.

YOU...

YOU DIDN'T FIND YOURS EITHER, DID YOU? THAT'S WHY YOU'RE STILL HERE.

IT SEEMS SO.

"HOW LONG HAS IT BEEN?"

"A LONG TIME. LONG ENOUGH FOR ME TO STOP TRYING TO FIND MINE AND TO FIGURE *MINE* WOULD HAVE TO FIND *ME*."

"MAYBE IT DID."

Go go go go now
Out of the nest it's time
Go go go now
Circus girl without a safety net
Here here here now don't cry
You raised your hand
for the assignment
Tuck those ribbons under your helmet
Be a good soldier
First my left foot
then my right behind the OTHER
Pantyhose running in the cold

Mother the car is here
Somebody leave the light on
Green limousine for the redhead
DANCING dancing girl
And when I dance for him
Somebody leave the light on
Just in just in case I like the dancing
I can remember where I come from

I walked into your dream
And now I've forgotten
how to dream my own dream
You are the CLEVER one aren't you
Brides in veils for you
We told you all of our secrets
All but one
And don't you even try
The phone has been disconnected
Dripping with blood and with time
and with your advice
Poison me against the MOON

Mother the car is here
Somebody leave the light on
Black chariot for the redhead
DANCING dancing girl
He's gonna change my name
Maybe you'll leave the light on
Just in just in case I like the dancing
I can remember where I come from

I escape into your escape
into our very favorite fearscape
It's across the sky and across my heart
and I cross my legs oh my god
First my left foot
then my right behind the other
Breadcrumbs lost under the snow

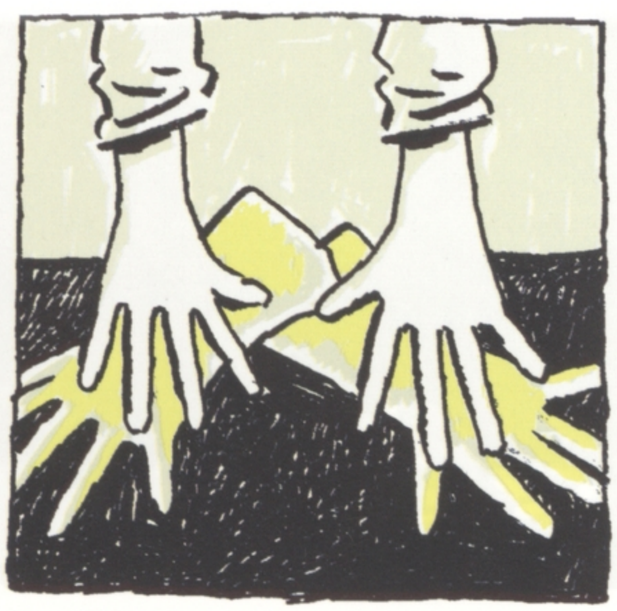
mother the car is here
Maybe maybe you'll leave the light on
for the for the for the dancing girl
He's gonna change my name
Maybe you'll leave the light
Just in case I like the dancing
I can remember where I come from

Mother

MOTHER

ANDI WATSON
Writer & Artist

MOTHER



I'll leave the light on.

You don't have to do this, Frieda.

I owe you.

For the time you hammered on my door in your pantyhose on Christmas Eve?

You okay?

Broke a tooth.

Where are we going?

Dunno.

I went three times round your block before I decided to stop.

I know.

Remember that old junker you used to drive?

The Green Limo?

I loved that car.

Drove it until everything broke.

And I mean every-thing.

A.C., stereo, lights, mirrors. Doors wouldn't lock, but it didn't matter because no one wanted to steal that car.

Then the windscreen blew in my lap on the I-5.

I'd get one thing fixed and then something...

...some-thing else would break.

Y'know?

I know.

Some things you can't fix.

No matter how hard you try.

=SNFF=

Take a left.

Then a right.

It'll take us to the quarry.

How the hell did you manage to load the car on your own?

Remember that circus skills class I did?

Huh?

I've got that clown strength now.

Jesus, Winnie.

What?

Got it?

Nngth.

Fu...

...no.

Drop it then.

No...

...I've just gotta...

?

What?

They're not gonna hurt anyone anymore.

Where'd you get the bag, Win?

That's the difference between you and me, Frieda. You don't have a body bag waiting in the garage.

Just in case of emergencies.

Sorry.

It's For a snowboard.

Where'd you go snow-boarding?

Some place up in Tahoe. Get off the lift and you look down on the lake.

Reach the bottom of the run and go straight into the water.

You want to say any last words or anything?

Heavenly.

What?

Name of the place up in Tahoe.

Heavenly.

Sounds nice.

It was.

Win.

Yeah.

Splash.

C'mon.

Yeah.

We'd better get you back to mom.

all the world just stopped now
so you say you don't wanna stay together anymore
let me take a deep breath babe if you need me
me and Neil'll be hangin' out with the DREAM KING

Neil says hi by the way
I don't believe you're leaving cause me and Charles Manson like the same ice cream
I think it's that girl and I think there are pieces of me you've never seen
maybe she's just pieces of me you've never seen well

All the world is
All I am
the black of the blackest ocean
and that tear in your hand
all the world is DANGLIN'... danglin'... danglin' for me DARLIN'
you don't know the power that you have
with that tear in your hand
tear in your hand

maybe I ain't used to maybes smashing in a cold room cutting my hands up every time I touch you
Maybe maybe it's time to wave goodbye now
time to wave goodbye now

caught a ride with the moon
I know I know you well well better than I used to
HAZE all clouded up my mind
in the DAZE of the why it could've never been
so you say and I say you know you're full of wish
and your "baby baby baby babies"
I tell you there are pieces of me you've never seen
maybe she's just pieces of me you've never seen

TEAR IN YOUR HAND

NEIL GAIMAN
Writer

BILQUIS EVELY
Artist

MATHEUS LOPES
Colorist

ALL THE WORLD JUST STOPPED NOW.

SO YOU SAY YOU DON'T WANT TO STAY TOGETHER ANYMORE.

LET ME TAKE A DEEP BREATH BABE.

IF YOU NEED ME, ME AND NEIL'LL BE HANGIN' OUT WITH THE DREAM KING.

NEIL SAYS HI BY THE WAY.

I DON'T BELIEVE YOU'RE LEAVING CAUSE ME AND CHARLES MANSON LIKE THE SAME ICE CREAM.

I THINK IT'S THAT GIRL

...AND I THINK THERE ARE PIECES OF ME YOU'VE NEVER SEEN.

MAYBE SHE'S JUST PIECES OF ME YOU'VE NEVER SEEN. WELL...

ALL THE WORLD IS.

ALL I AM.

THE BLACK OF THE BLACKEST OCEAN.

AND THAT TEAR IN YOUR HAND.

ALL THE WORLD IS DANGLIN', DANGLIN', DANGLIN' FOR ME DARLIN'

YOU DON'T KNOW THE POWER THAT YOU HAVE...

WITH THAT TEAR IN YOUR HAND.

THAT TEAR IN YOUR HAND.

MAYBE I AIN'T USED TO MAYBES.

SMASHING IN A COLD ROOM CUTTING MY HANDS UP.

EVERY TIME I TOUCH YOU

MAYBE MAYBE IT'S TIME TO WAVE GOODBYE NOW.

TIME TO WAVE GOODBYE NOW.

CAUGHT A RIDE WITH THE MOON.

I KNOW I KNOW YOU WELL, WELL BETTER THAN I USED TO.

HAZE ALL CLOUDED UP MY MIND.

IN THE DAZE OF THE WHY IT COULD'VE NEVER BEEN.

SO YOU SAY AND I SAY YOU KNOW YOU'RE FULL OF WISH.

AND YOUR BABY, BABY, BABY, BABIES...

I TELL YOU THERE ARE PIECES OF ME YOU'VE NEVER SEEN.

MAYBE SHE'S JUST PIECES OF ME YOU'VE NEVER SEEN WELL.

ALL THE WORLD IS...

ALL I AM...

THE BLACK OF THE BLACKEST OCEAN.

AND THAT TEAR IN YOUR HAND.

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YOU DON'T KNOW THE POWER THAT YOU HAVE.

WITH THAT TEAR IN YOUR HAND.

THAT TEAR IN YOUR HAND.

WITH THAT TEAR IN YOUR HAND.

5am friday morning
thursday night far from sleep
I'm still up and driving
can't go home obviously
So I'll just change direction
cause they'll soon know where I live
And I wanna live Got a full tank and some chips

It was me and a gun
and a man on my back
And I sang "holy holy" as he buttoned down his pants

You can laugh
Its kind of funny
the things you think
in times like these
Like I haven't seen BARBADOS
so I must get out of this

Yes I wore a slinky red thing
Does that mean I should spread
for you, your friends
Your father, Mr Ed

It was me and a gun
and a man on my back
But I haven't seen BARBADOS
so I must get out of this

And I know what this means
Me and Jesus a few years back
used to hang
And he said "it's your choice babe
just remember
I don't think you'll be back
in 3 days time so you choose well"
Tell me whats right
Is it my right to be on my stomach
of Fred's Seville

It was me and a gun
and a man on my back
But I haven't seen BARBADOS
so I must get out of this

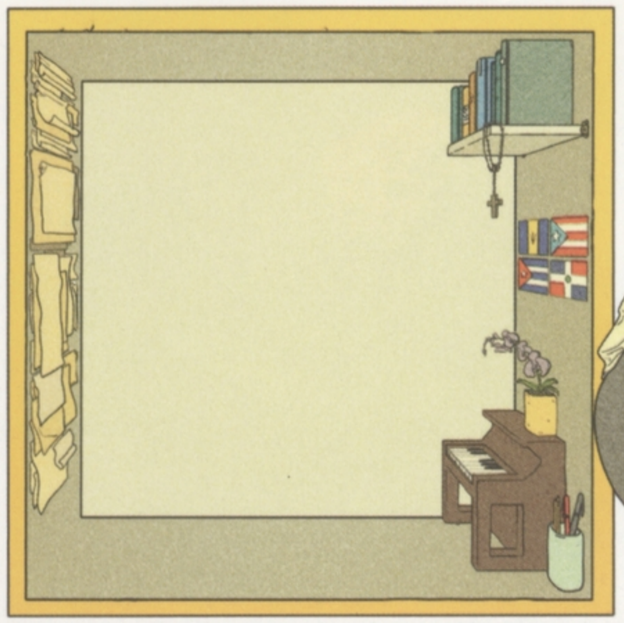
and do you know CAROLINA
Where the biscuits
are soft and sweet
These things go through your head
when there's a man on your back
And you're pushed flat on your stomach
it's not a classic cadillac

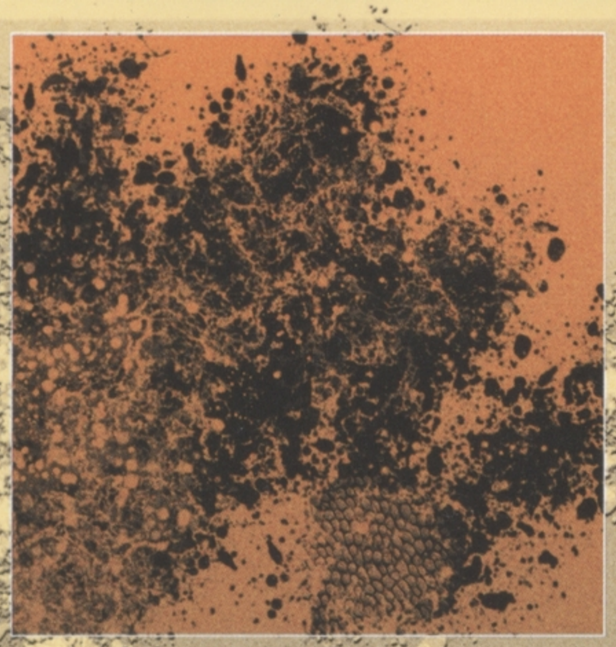
It was me and a gun
and a man on my back
But I haven't seen BARBADOS
so I must get out of this
no I haven't seen BARBADOS
so I must get out of this

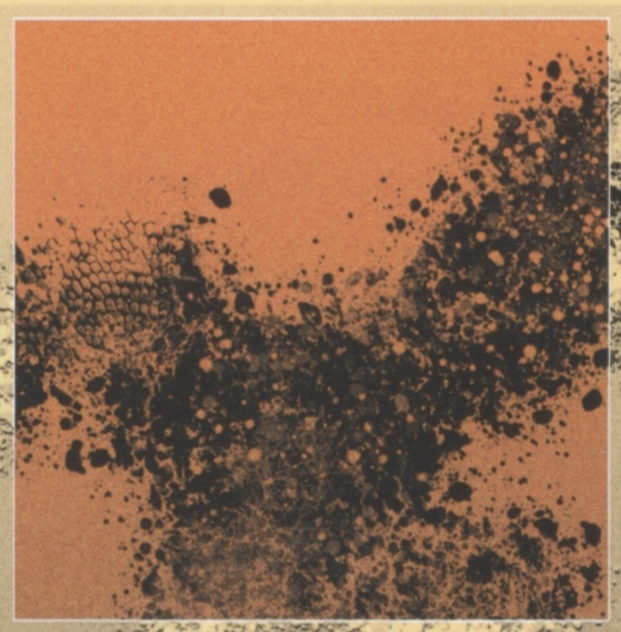
ME AND A GUN

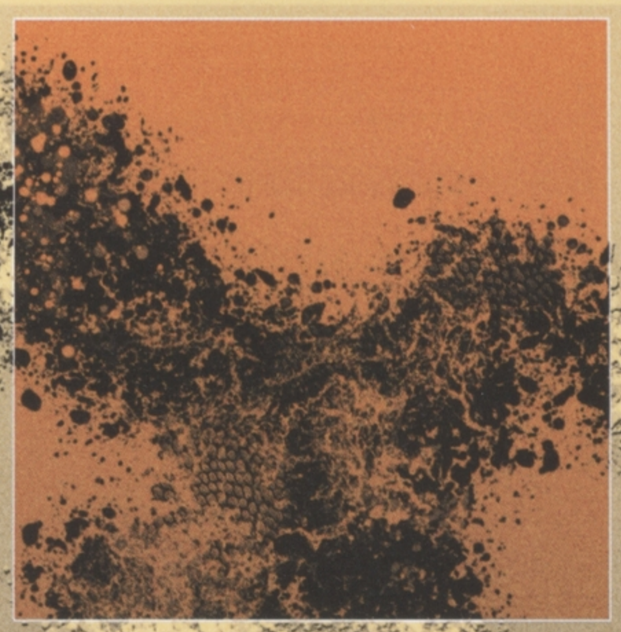
DESI ALICEA-APONTE
Writer & Artist

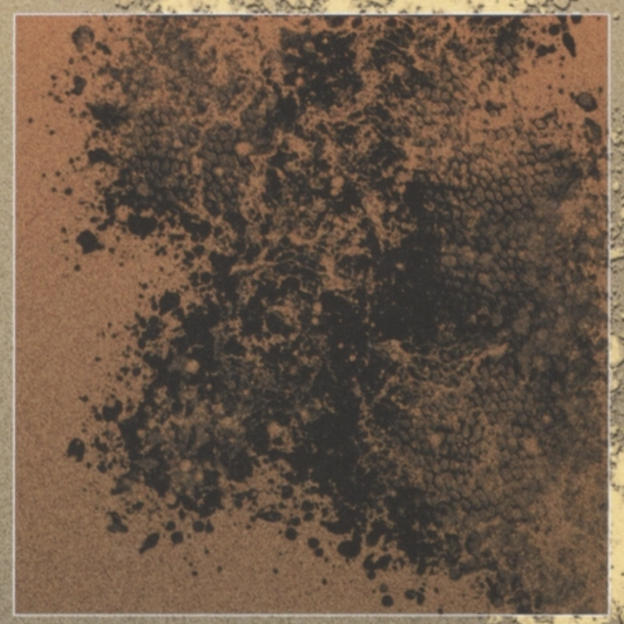
KELLY FITZPATRICK
Colorist

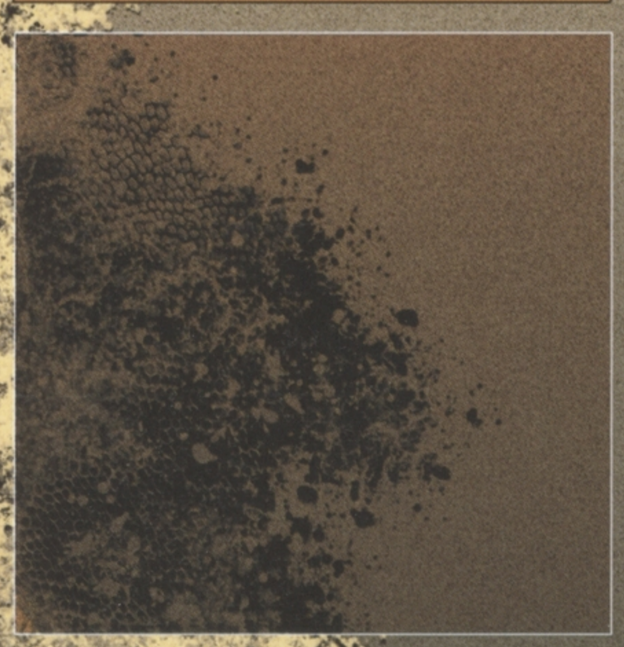


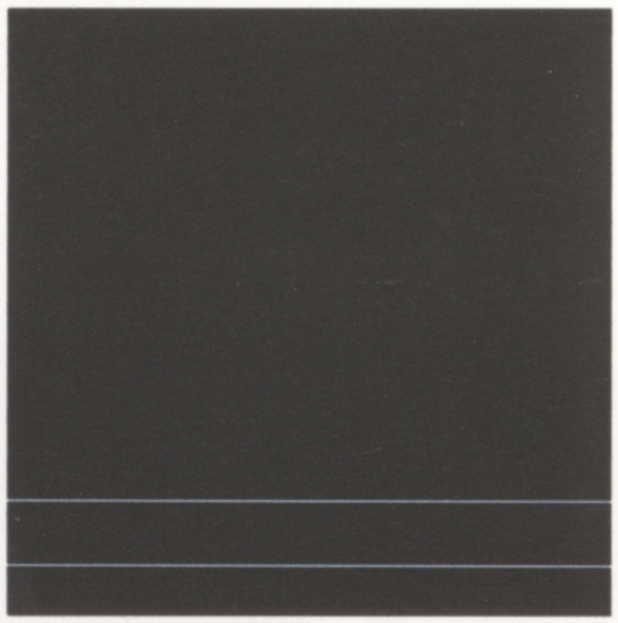


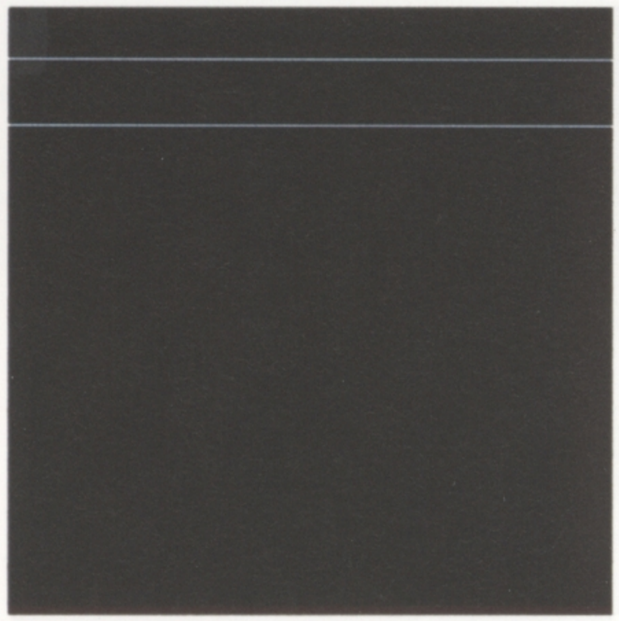


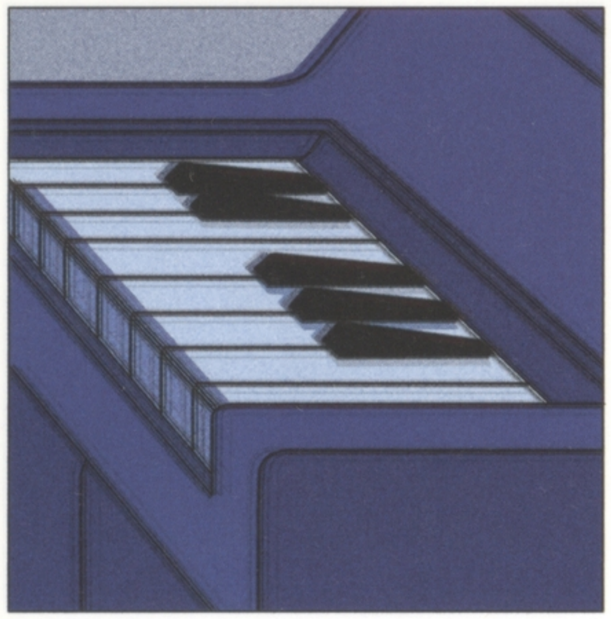












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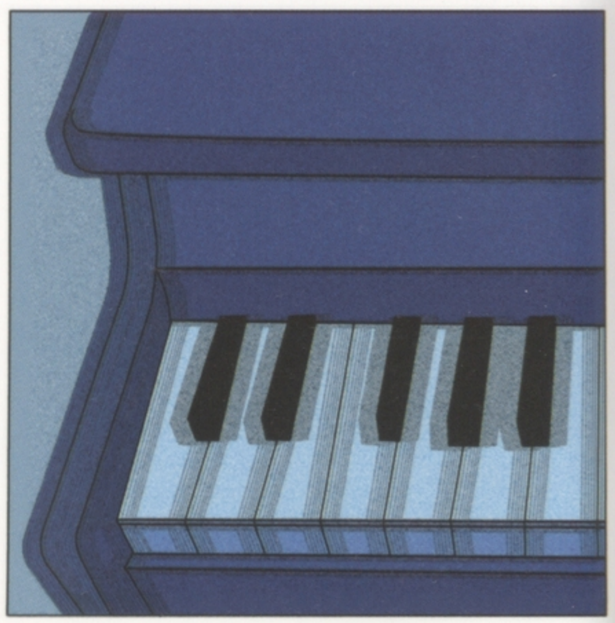

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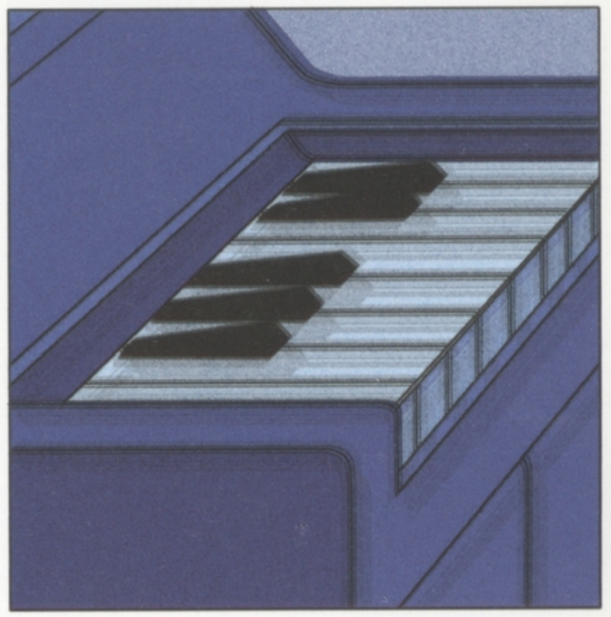

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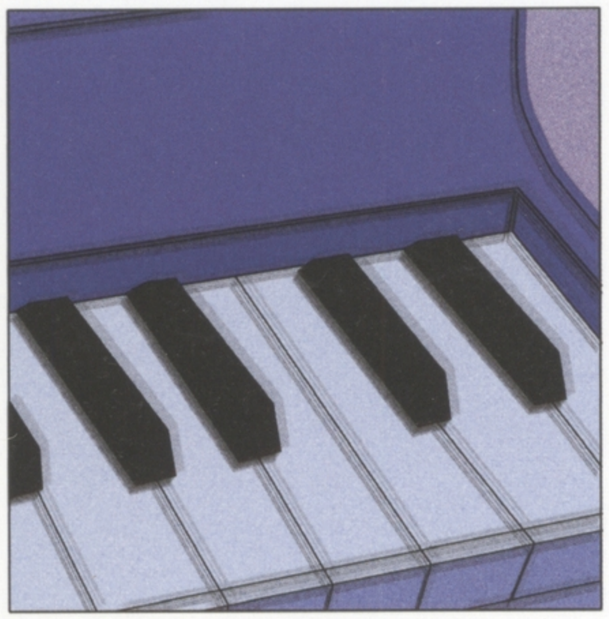
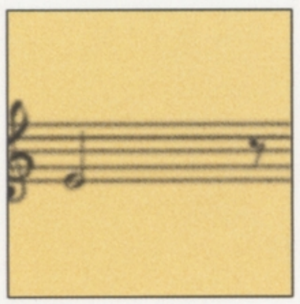
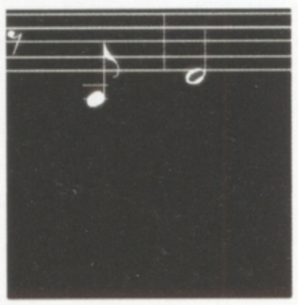
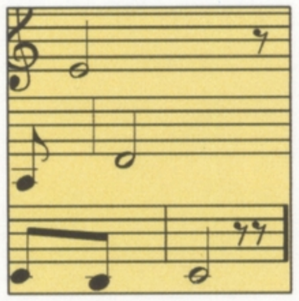






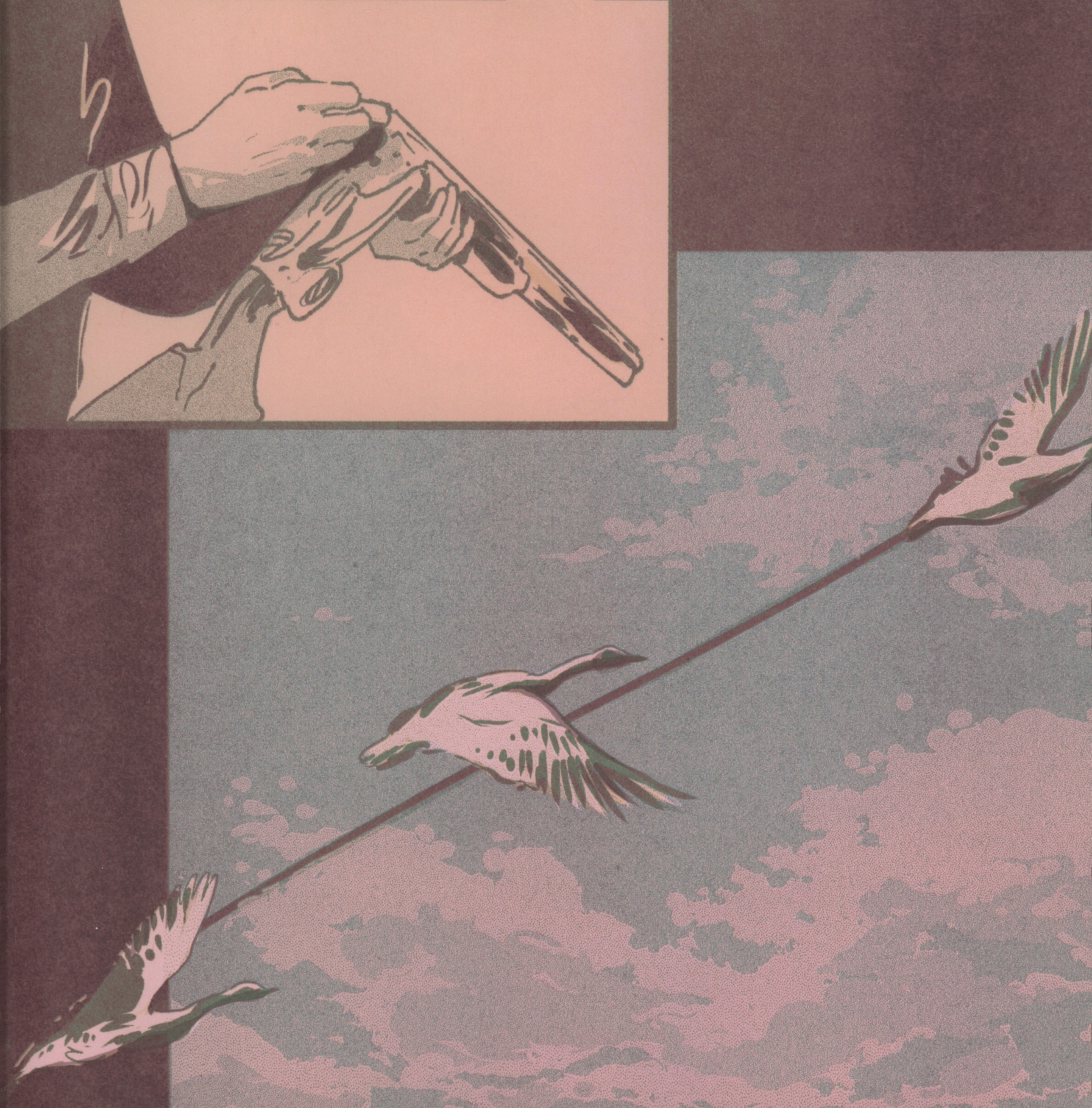
Vivo

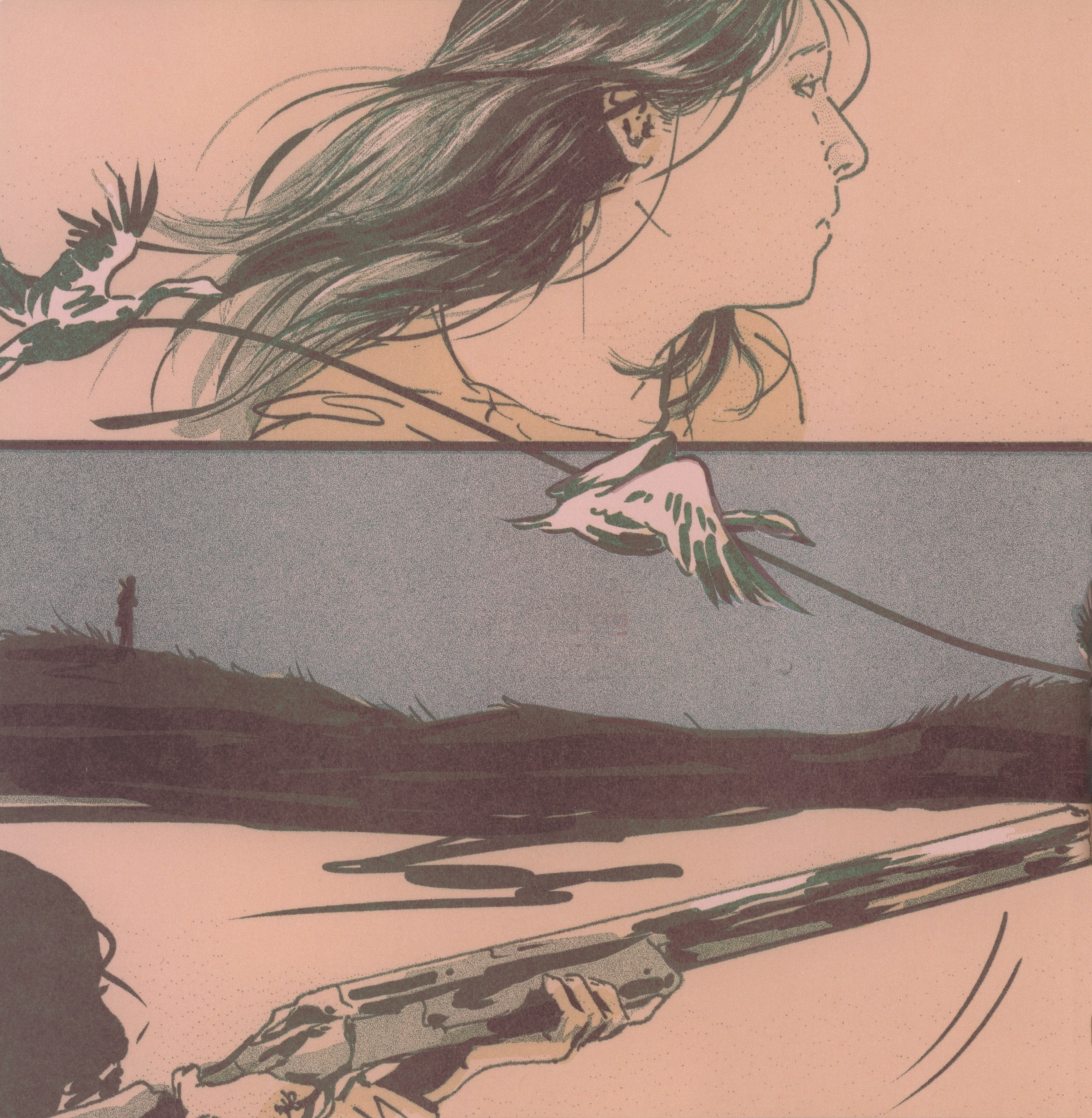


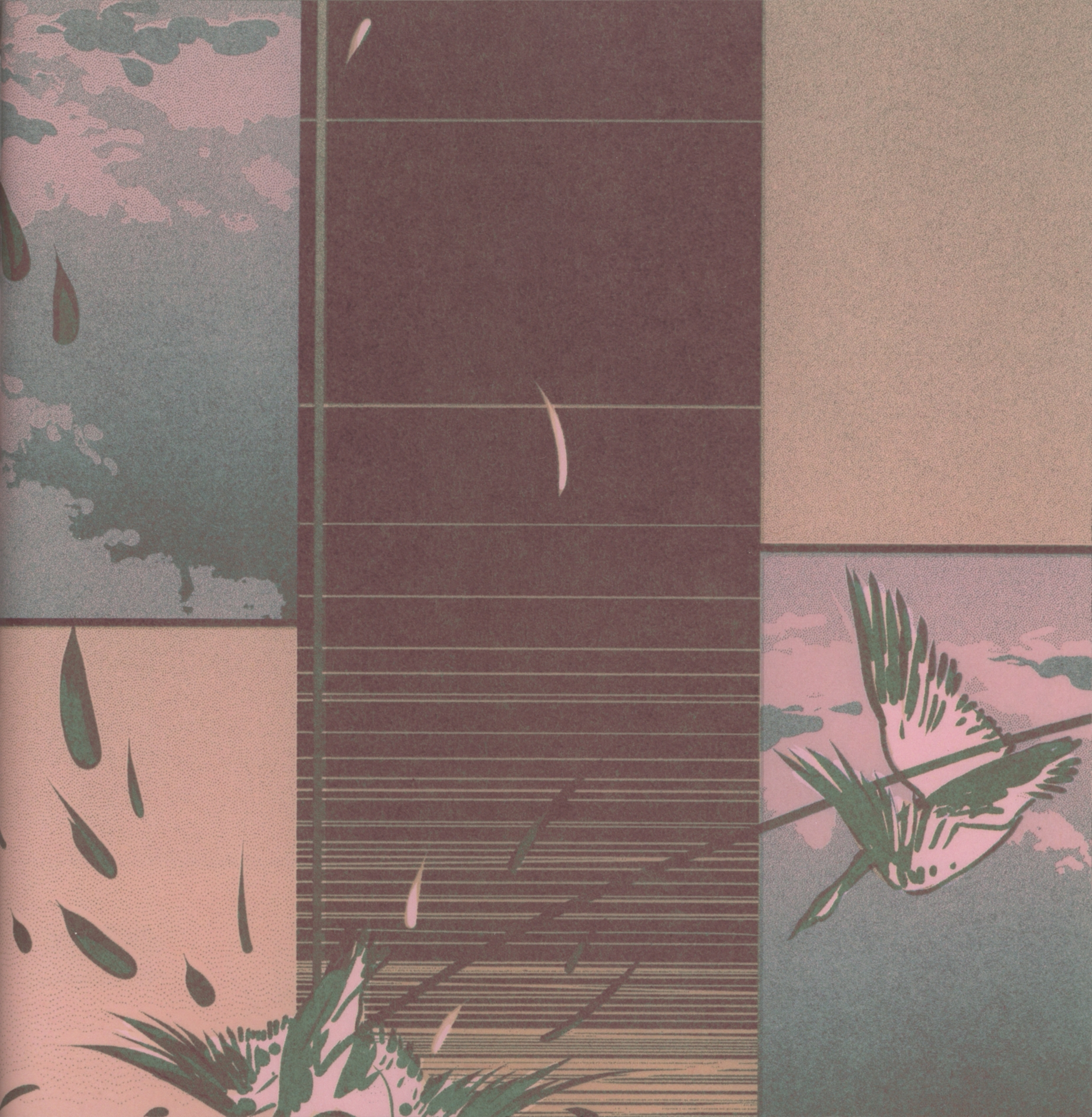
yellow bird flying get shot in the wing
good year for hunters and Christmas parties
and I hate and I hate and I hate and I hate
elevator music the way we fight
the way I'm left here silent
oh these little earthquakes
here we go again
these little earthquakes
doesn't take much to RIP us into pieces
we danced in graveyards with vampires till dawn
we laughed in the faces of kings never afraid to burn
and I hate and I hate and I hate and I hate
disintegration watching us wither
black winged roses that safely changed their COLOR
I can't reach you
can't reach you
give me life give me pain
give me myself again

LITTLE EARTHQUAKES

GIANNA MEOLA
Writer & Artist







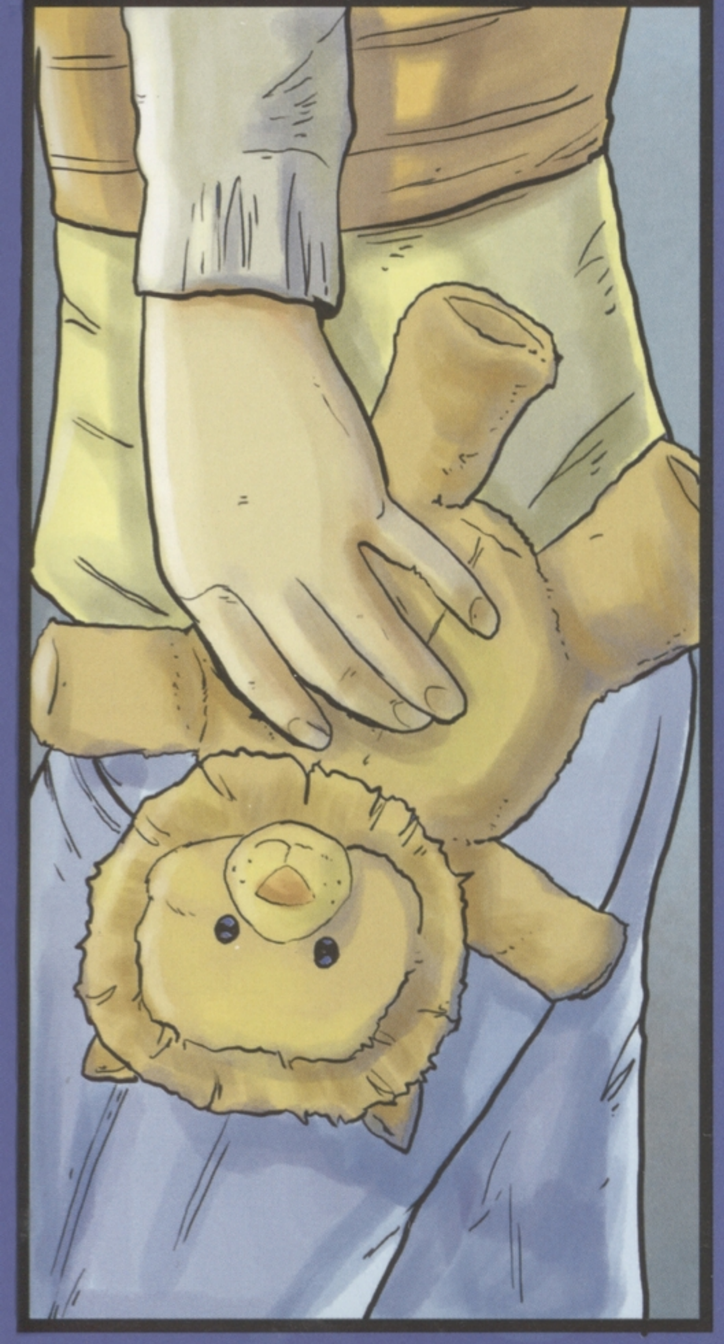
God I love to turn my little blue world upside down
god I love to turn my little blue world upside down
inside my head the noise
chatter, chatter, chatter, chatter, chatter
you see I'm afraid I'll always be
still coming out of my mother upside down
don't you love to turn this little blue girl upside down?
Oh I know you love to turn this little blue girl baby upside down
but my heart it says
you been shatter, shatter, shatter, shatter, shattered
and I know you're still a boy
still coming out of your mother
but when you gonna stand on your own?
I say the world is sick
you say "tell me what that makes us darlin"
you see, you always find my faults
faster than you find your own
you say the world is getting rid of her demons
I say "baby, what have you been smoking?"
Well I dreamed, I dreamed…
I dreamed I loved a black boy
my daddy would scream
don't you love to turn this little blue girl upside down?
Any kind of touch I think is better than none even upside down
but you see I'm tangled up
got a kitten, kitten, kitten, kitten in my hair
Cincinnati, I like the word
it's the only thing we can't seem to turn upside down
well I found the secret to life
I found the secret to life
I'm okay when everything is not okay
I said I found the secret to life
I found the secret to life
I'm okay when everything is not okay
is not okay
oh, we turn and we turn our little blue world upside down
I said, don't we love to turn our little blue world baby upside down?
Inside my head a voice
chatter, chatter, chatter, chatter, chatter
and it says, "girl you're all the same
still coming out of your mothers
still coming out of your mothers upside down"

UPSIDE DOWN

CAT MIHOS
Writer

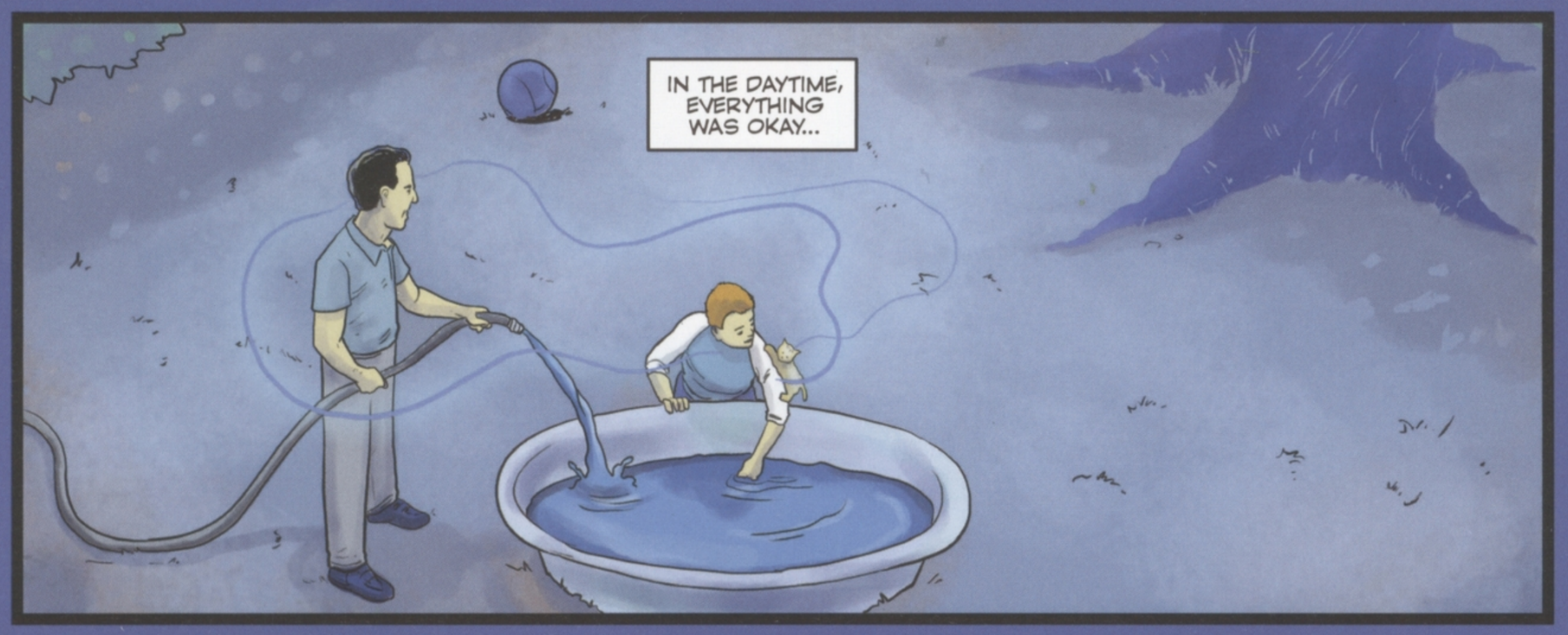
PAUL ROMAN MARTINEZ
Artist

UP SIDE DOWN



EVER SINCE SHE COULD REMEMBER, MYELLA SAW THINGS THAT OTHER PEOPLE COULDN'T (OR WOULDN'T) SEE.

SHE SAW THE BLUE LINES OF ENERGY THAT CONNECT EVERY LIVING AND BREATHING CREATURE.



...BUT IN THE NIGHT... EVERYTHING WAS NOT OKAY.

?

WHO...?

NO!

HELP.

WILL WOULD TRY TO DISTRACT HER WITH PUPPET SHOWS USING HER FAITHFUL STUFFED LION NAMED SANDWICH.

THE SPIRITS THAT HAD NOT FOUND THEIR PEACE, APPEARED TO HER NIGHTLY ALL WANTING HER HELP.

HER DAD KNEW MYELLA WAS ALSO SEEING TROUBLING THINGS, THINGS SHE COULDN'T DESCRIBE TO HIM. "EYES IN THE TREES" OR "VOICES" WAS ALL SHE WOULD SAY.

EVERYTHING OK?

IS IT THE VOICES AGAIN, HONEY?

THE LITTLE FAMILY LOST WILL TO A MOTORCYCLE ACCIDENT.

HAVING WILL IN THE SPIRIT WORLD HELPED HER TO USE MUSIC TO PASS ALONG THEIR MESSAGES.

EVEN THE CRICKETS PLAYED HER TUNES.

NICK CAVE AND THE BAD SEEDS

TOOL

YOU ALMOST READY? YOUR TRAIN LEAVES FIRST THING IN THE MORNING.

YOUR BROTHER WOULD BE SO PROUD OF YOU, GETTING OUT OF THIS SLEEPY BURG.

GETTING THERE, DAD. I CAN'T TAKE TOO MUCH, STILL DECIDING.

YEAH, WILL...

I MISS HIM SO MUCH BUT HE IS STILL HERE WITH US.

IF WE ONLY KNEW THE SECRET TO LIFE, EH, PRINCESS...?

BALTIMORE WELCOMED HER IN AND SHE POURED HER HEART INTO HER MUSIC.

PEABODY INSTITUTE

SHE FELT WILL OVER HER SHOULDER, AND SHE KNEW THIS PHONE CALL WAS COMING.

SHE WAS PUTTING THE FINISHING TOUCHES ON HER DEMO "GHOSTWRITING" AND DROPPED EVERYTHING TO FLY TO HER DAD'S SIDE. THE SPIRITS WERE MUCH KINDER TO HER NOW.

GHOSTWRITING

TEST PRESSING

I USED TO BE SO SCARED OF THE VOICES. NOW I LET THEM IN.

THEY TEACH ME SONGS AND SOMETIMES, THEY TELL ME SECRETS, DAD.

DID THEY EVER TELL YOU THE SECRET TO LIFE?

NOT YET, DADDY, NOT YET.

THIS IS FOR MY DAD, JOHNNY.

HE ALWAYS ASKED ME IF I HAD FOUND THE SECRET TO LIFE.

I THINK I HAVE...

IT'S JUST BEING OKAY, WHEN EVERYTHING IS NOT OKAY...

ALBUM OF THE YEAR
GHOSTWRITING

Thoughts right now
I picked up a magazine
ooh here we go

fifteen hundred years
fifteen hundred years
right here burning

witches burning books
burning babies in the LOOKS
yes indeed

burning everything
that's sacred in my jeans
yeah yeah thoughts

right now
she's been everybody else's girl
thoughts right now right

right now am I here
and I hear I'm never here
I'm never here I'm NEVER here
I'm never here never a bird
or a FLOWER in the tree
or the pain of the respect there of
yes indeed thoughts right now
what will become of me
become of her become of we, baby

THOUGHTS

RUSSELL LISSAU
Writer

RACHEL MERRILL
Artist

PLINK PLINK PLINK PLONK

DAMN!

I'M STILL NOT NAILING THE *JUMP* IN THE SECOND MOVEMENT.

IRENE, YOU'RE DOING *GREAT*.

BUT THE *RECITAL* IS--

--THREE WEEKS AWAY. YOU'LL BE *FINE*.

HEAD HOME. RELAX.

OKAY.

OOOOOH, BABY.

YOU LOOK FINE IN THEM *JEANS*.

YEAH, YOU *FINE* ALL RIGHT.

YOU GO TO *SCHOOL* HERE, BABY?

"MAYBE WE *VISIT* YOU SOMETIME."

RUMBLE

HEY, YOU WANT A *SEAT?*

NO THANKS.

New York Herald

SUIT YOURSELF.

New York Herald

RUMBLE

RUMBLE

SKRREEEECH

:TSK:

BURN THE WITCH

COME ON!

GIVE IT BACK!

HEY, CHINA GIRL. HOW YOU DOIN' TODAY?

WHAT, YOU'RE TOO COOL TO TALK WITH US?

THANKS FOR COVID, YOU $*@#&.

HOW 'BOUT YOU COME BACK LATER WITH SOME EGG ROLLS?

SLAM

IRENE?

WHAT'S *WRONG*, HONEY?

I--
I--

IT'S JUST... SOMETIMES IT'S JUST *TOO MUCH*.

AND MY *THOUGHTS* RUN AWAY AND I WANT TO RUN AWAY, BUT I CAN'T--

IT'S OKAY.

I'M HERE.

"I'M HERE."

END

Turning back ten thousand years
It's all a blur where the taxis go
Monster man a willing friend
Lucy serves the melon cold

Violent and Delicious souls
Four red trucks dressed illegally
Mother knows how the bugle blows
Gonna get caught in her rug, babe

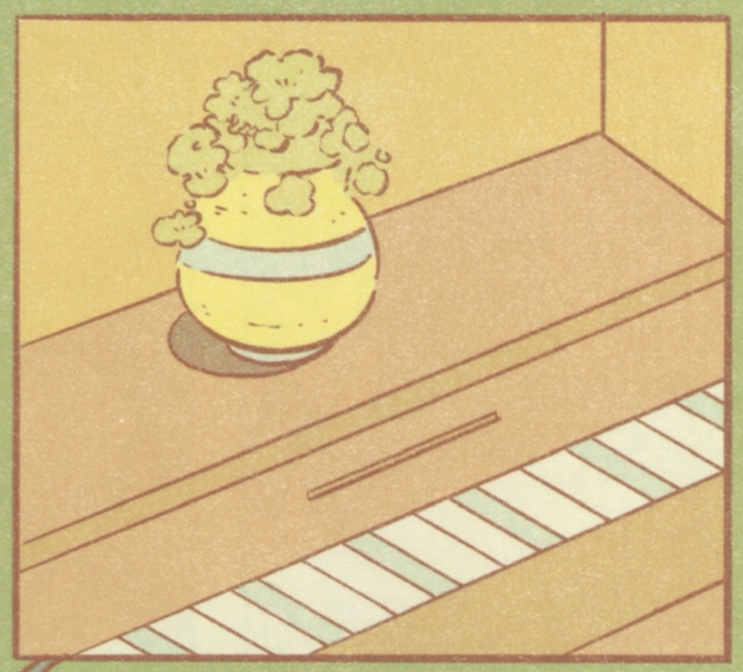
This is not a conclusion
No revolution
Just a little confusion
On where your head has been

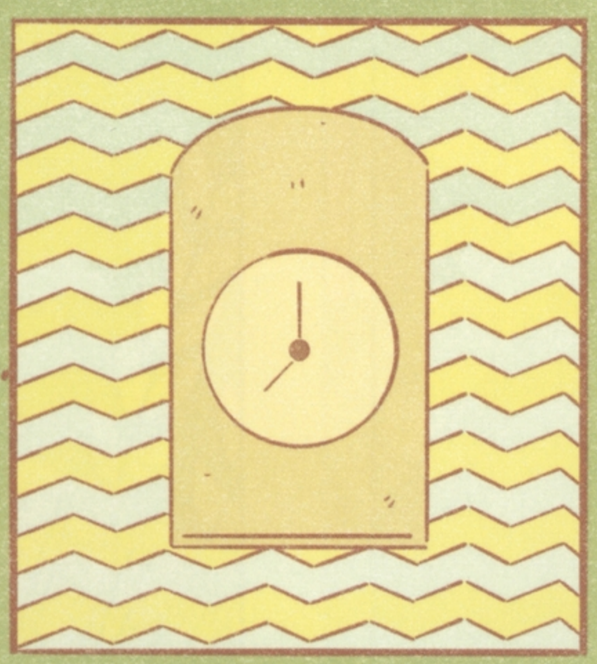
Boats made out of paper float
Dreams made up for the banana king. Darling
crumbs you have lapped freely of
Devious we all have been

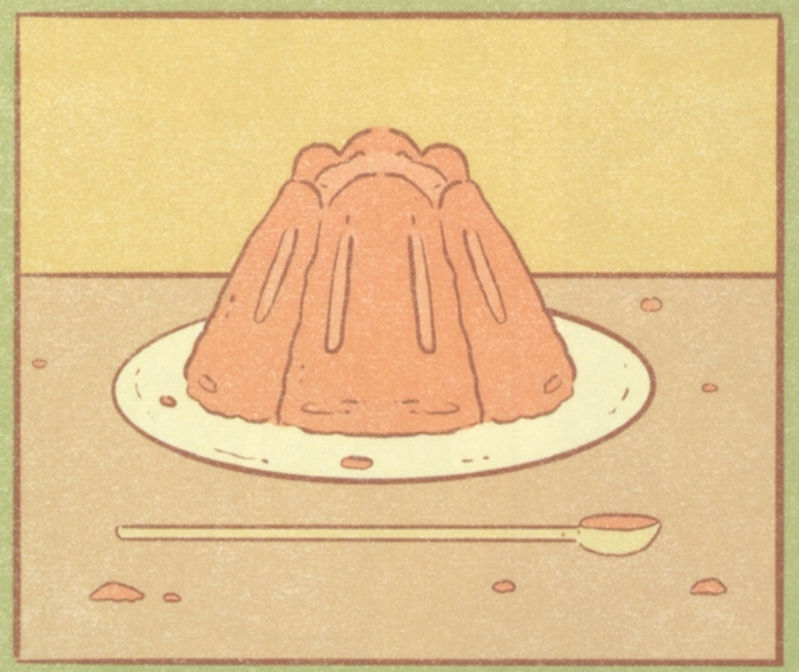
Violent and Delicious souls
Violent and Delicious souls
This is not a conclusion
No revolution
Just a little confusion
On where your head has been

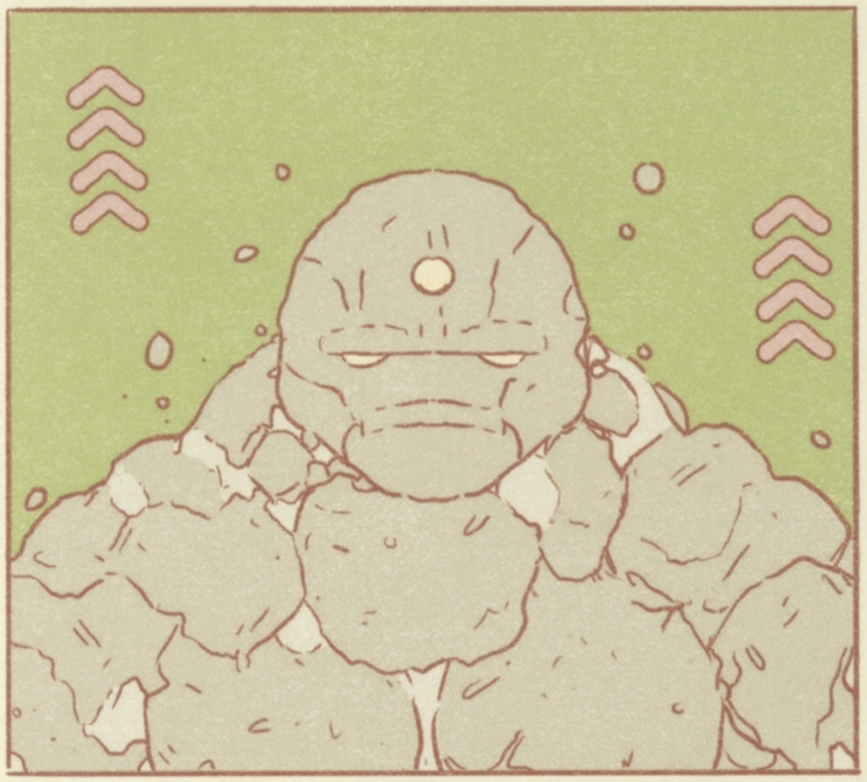
ODE TO THE BANANA KING (PART ONE)

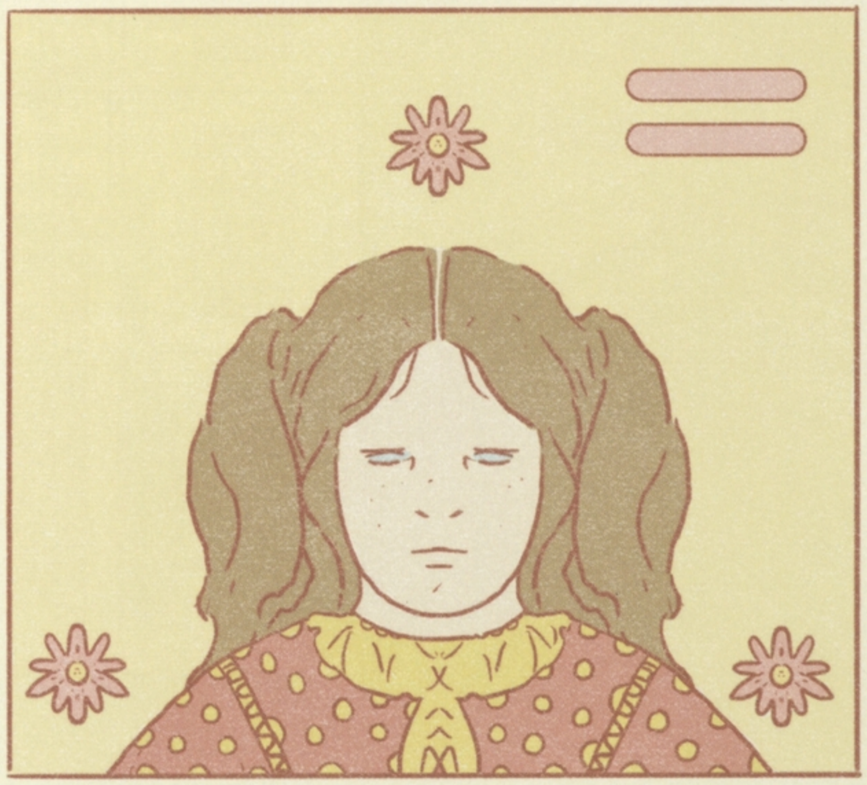
OLIVIA SULLIVAN
Writer & Artist

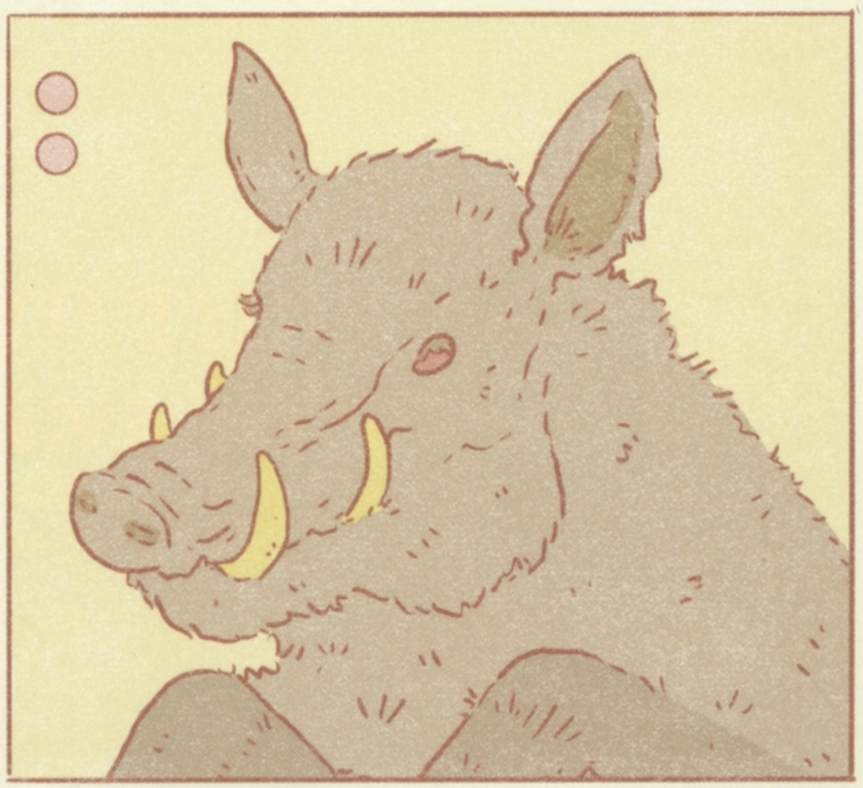


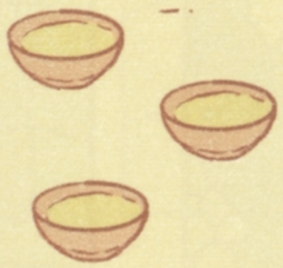


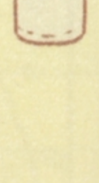


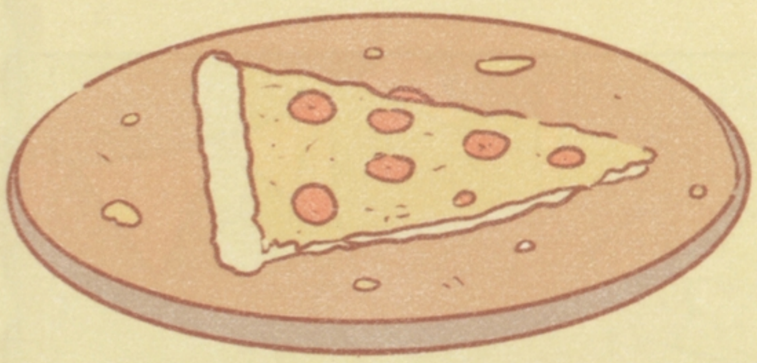


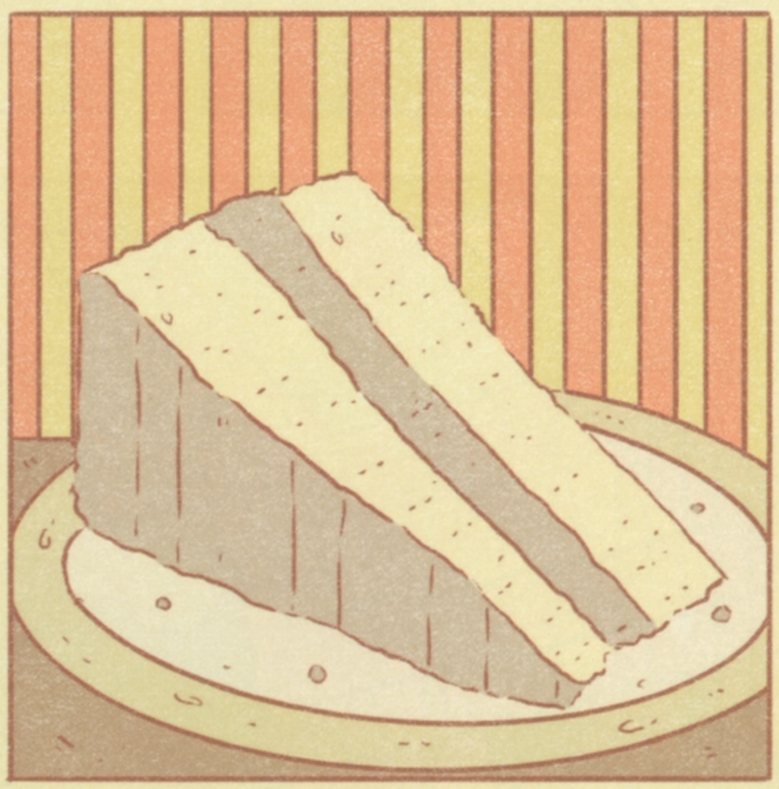


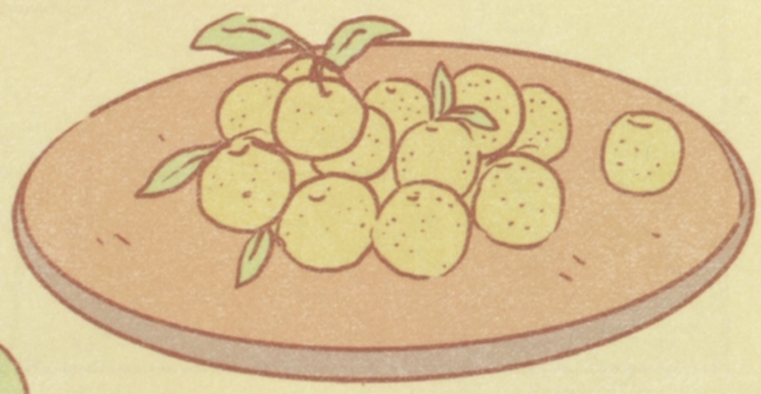


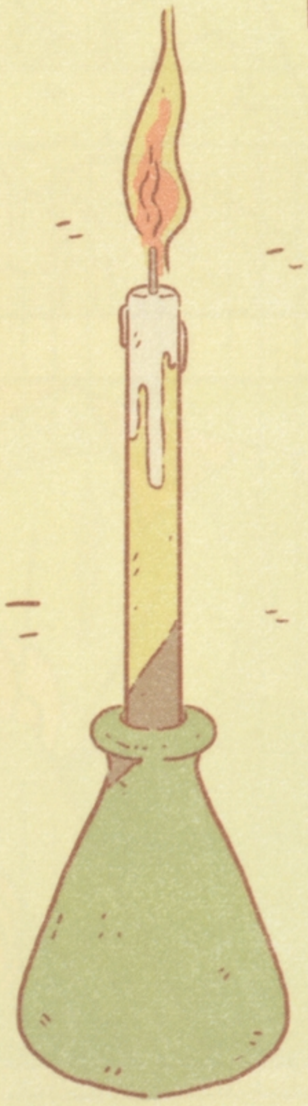


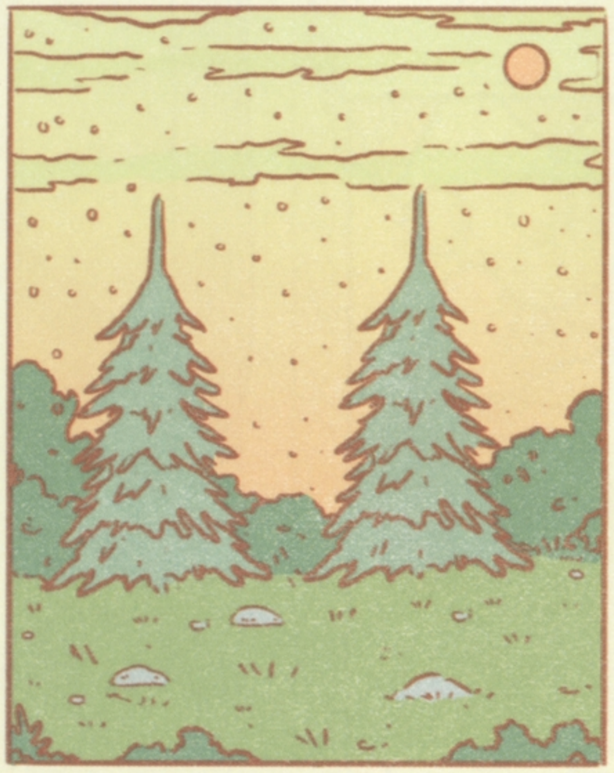


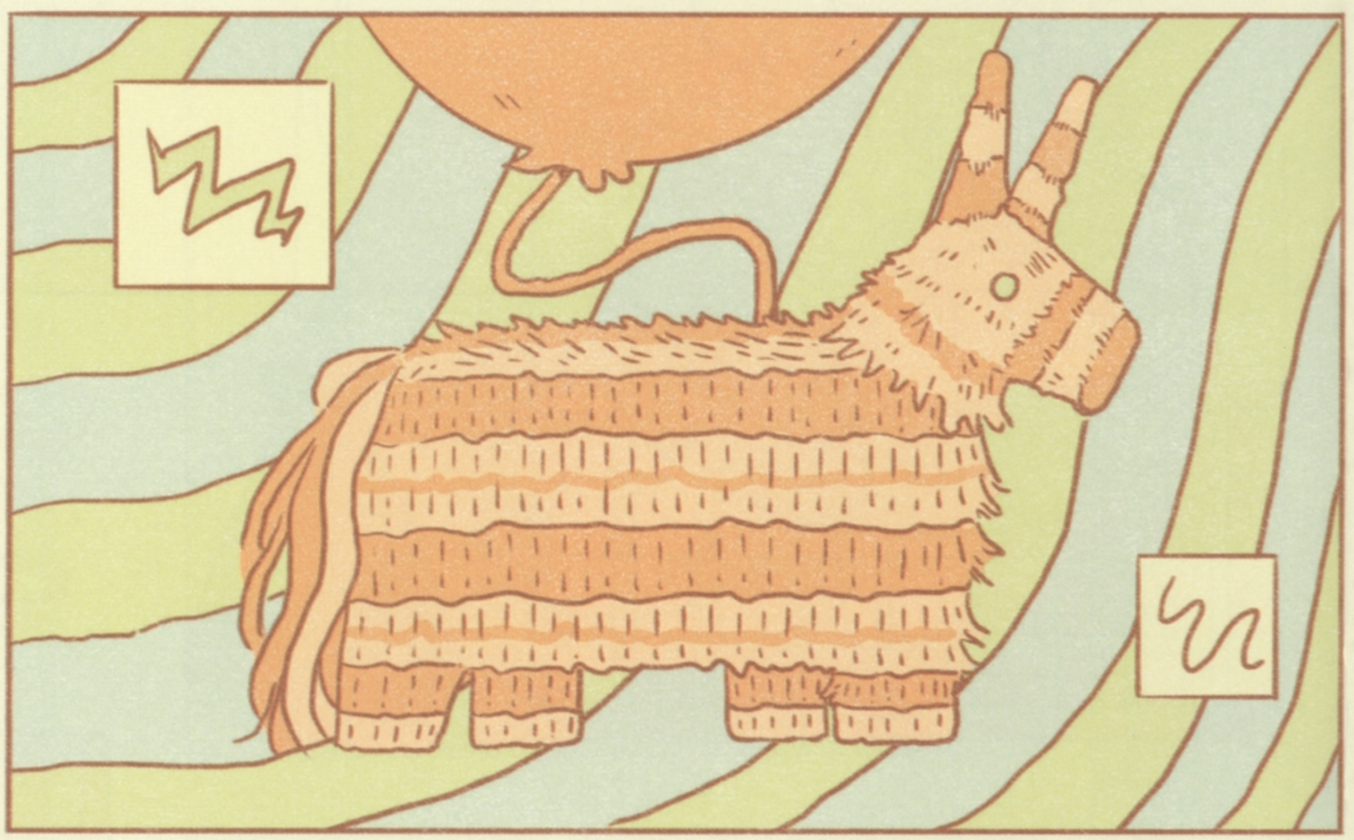


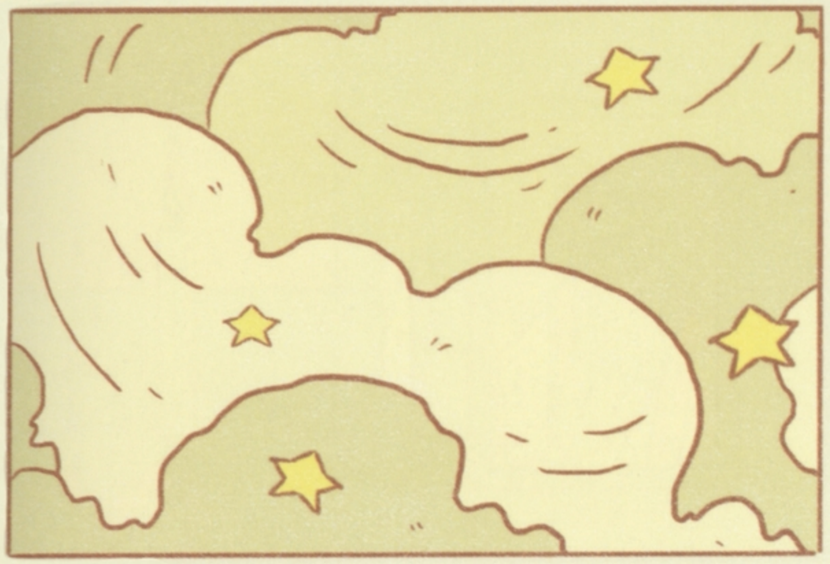




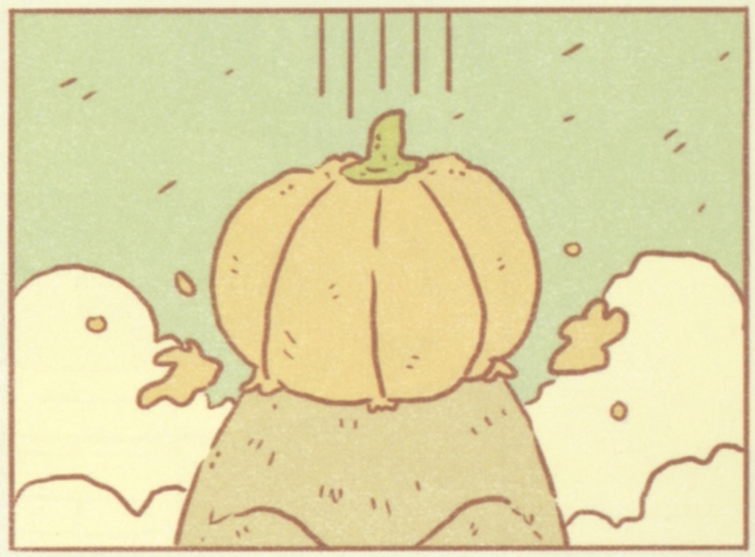


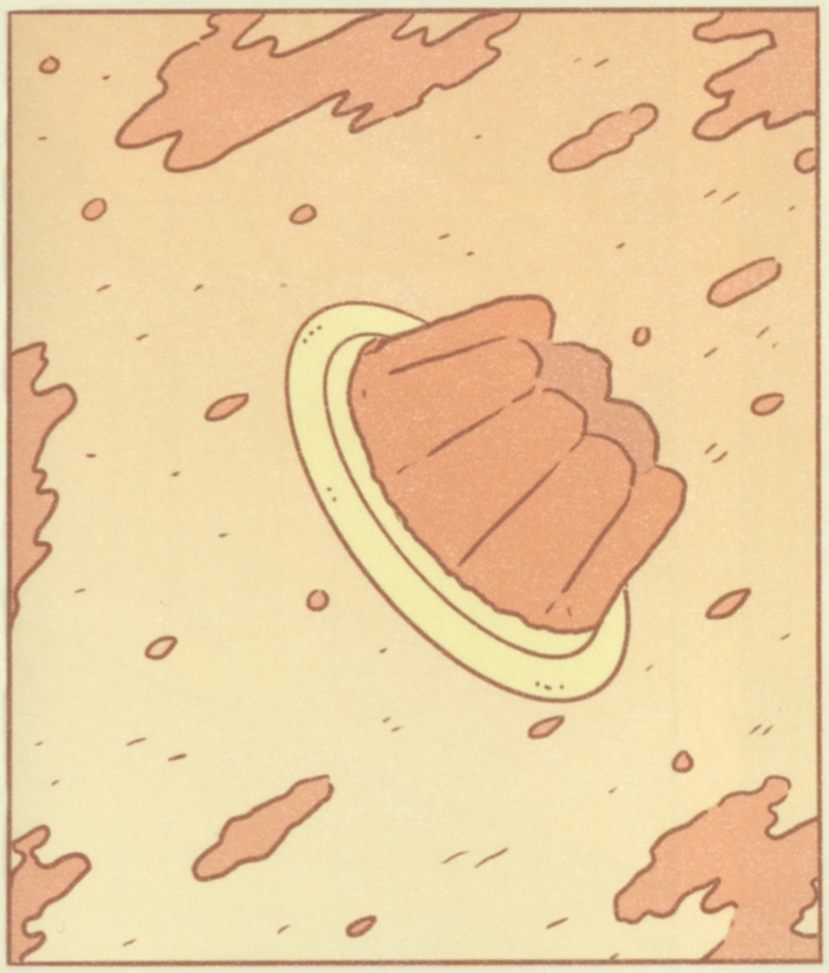


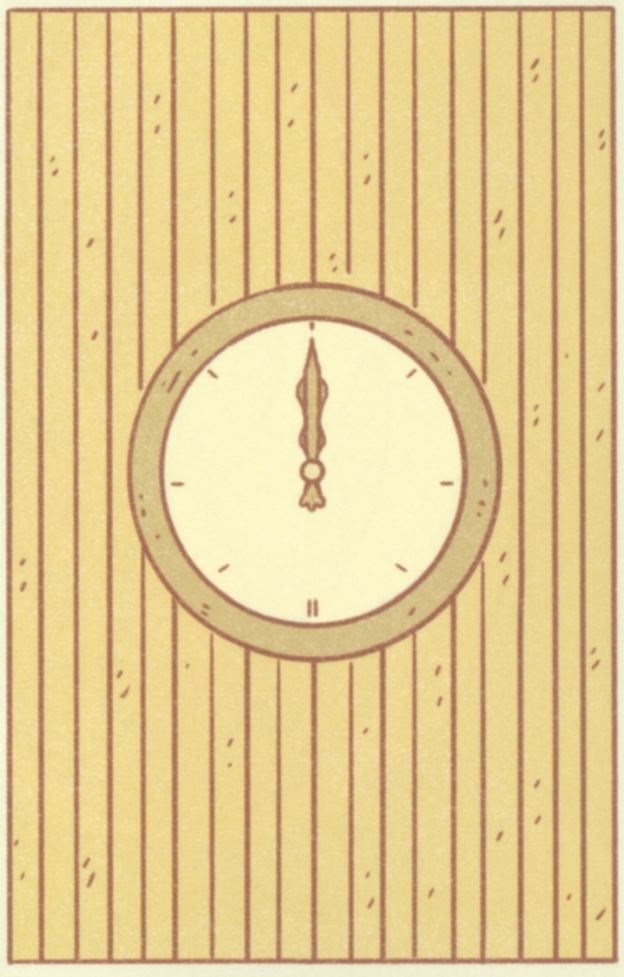


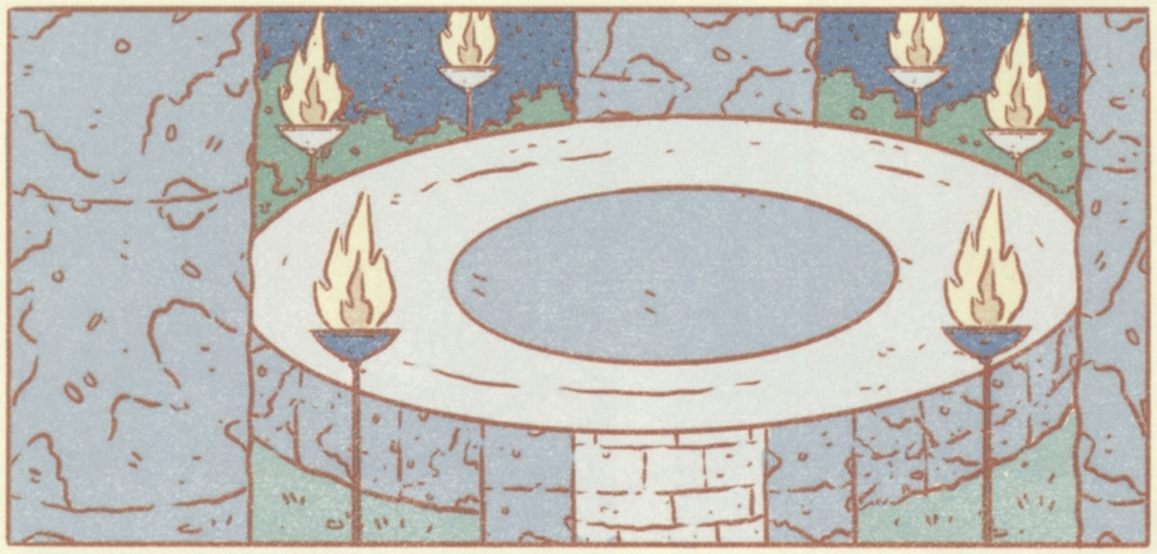


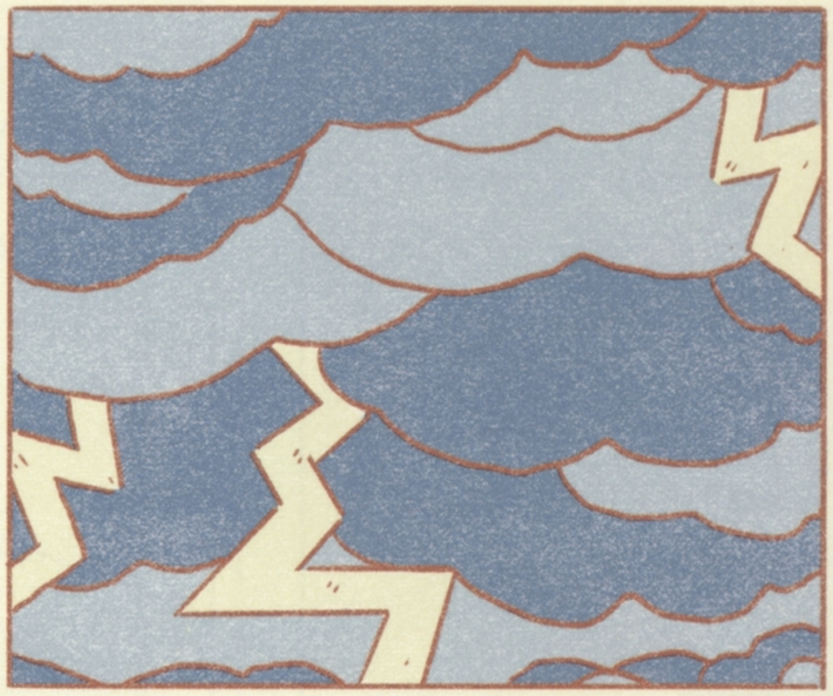
THWACK

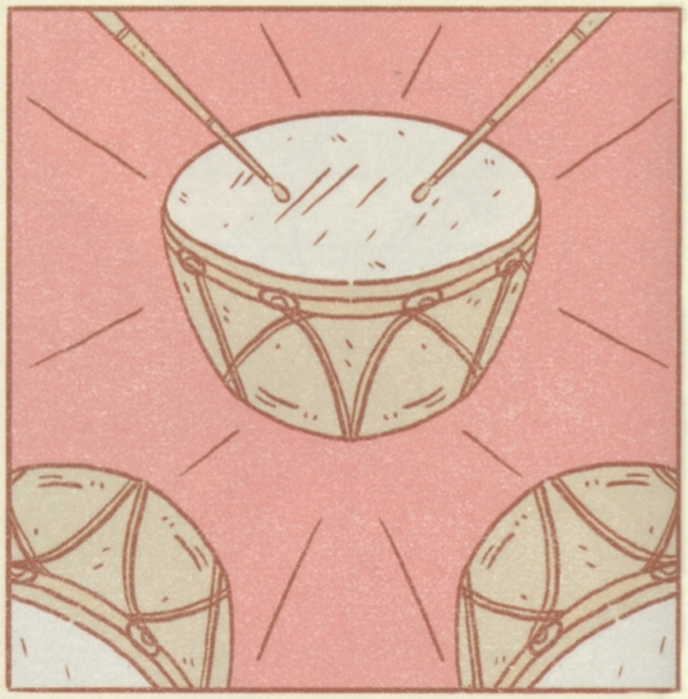


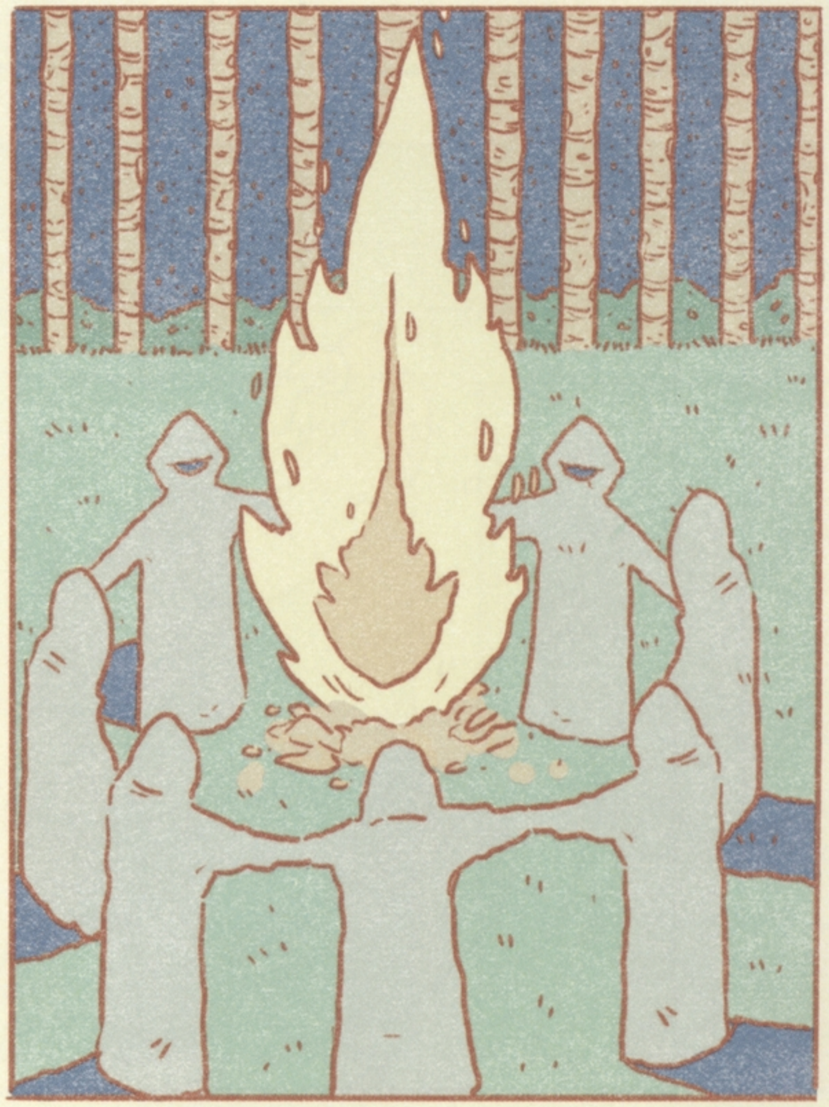


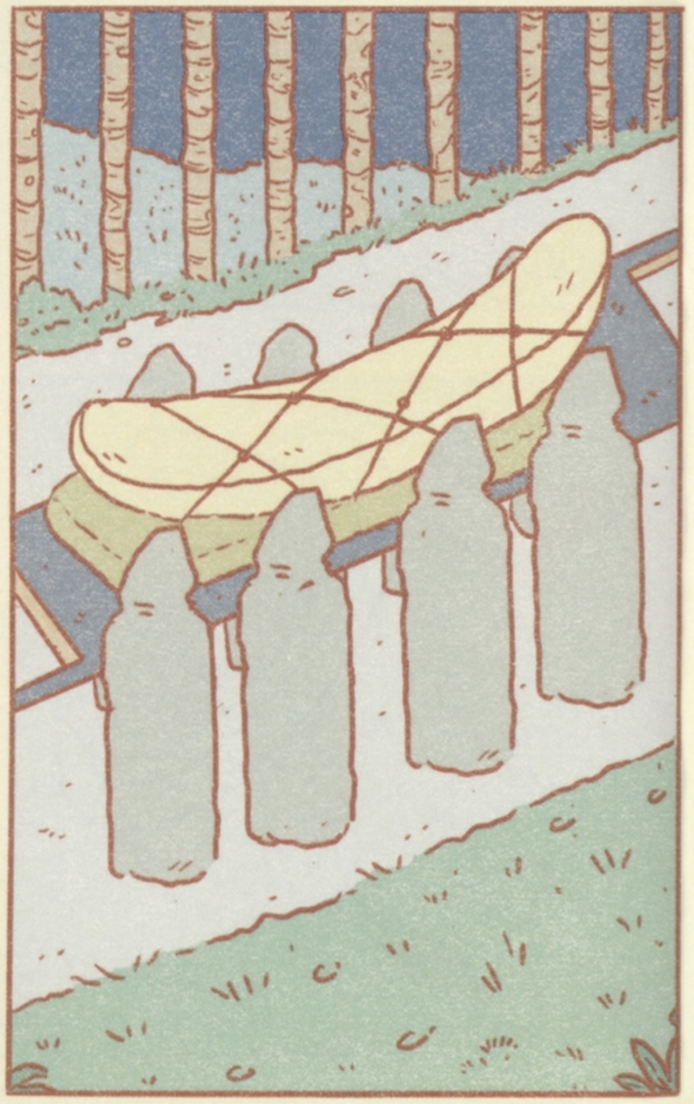


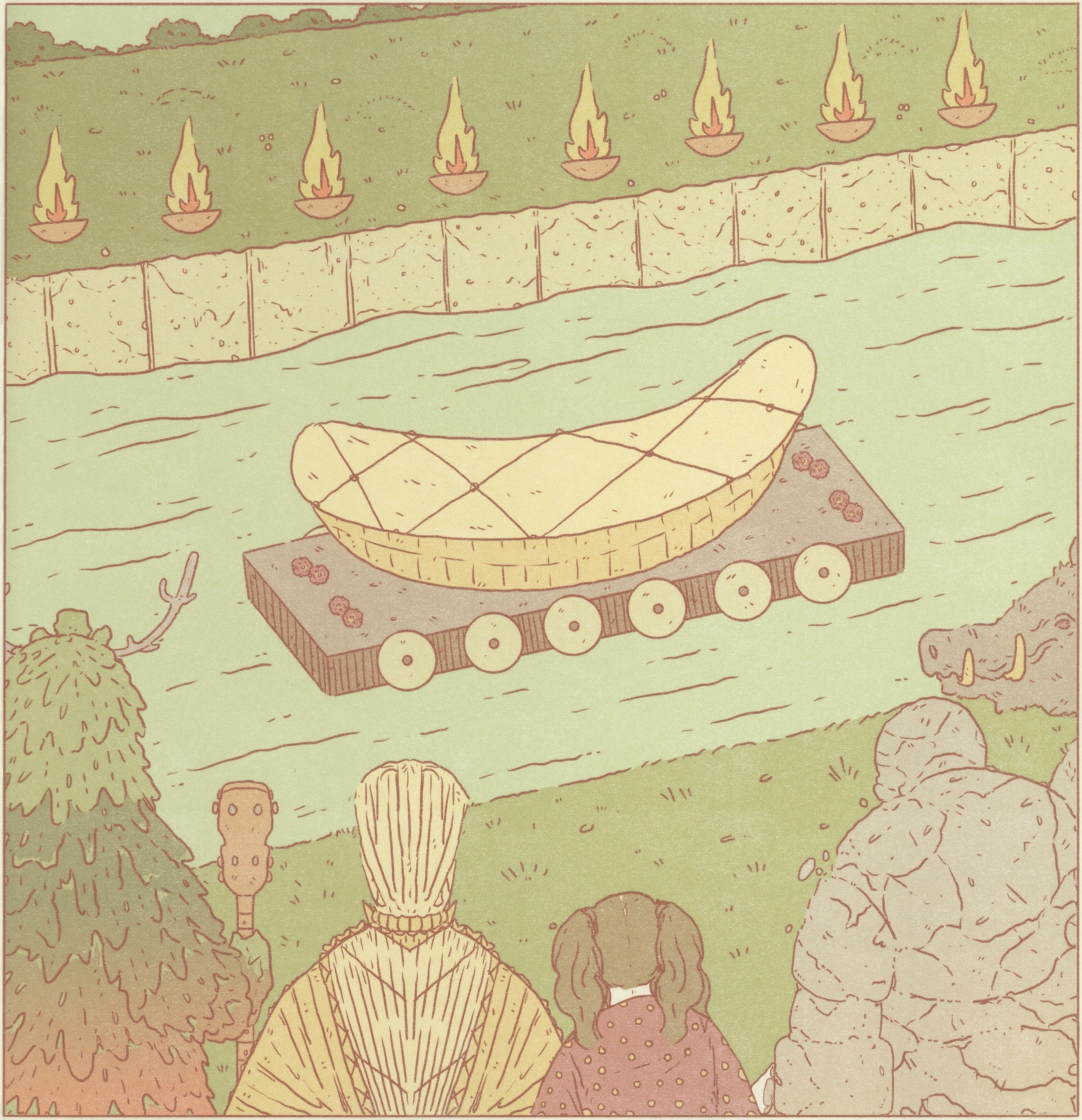












I wait all day for my sailor and sometimes He comes

See you over hill and dale
Riding on the wind I see
You know me, you know me like the nightingale
"Oh fair maiden I see you standing there"
Will you hold me for just a fair time
the tune is playing in the fair night
I see you in my dreams
Fair boy your eyes haunt me…

SONG FOR ERIC

DEREK MCCULLOCH
Writer

COLLEEN DORAN
Artist

I SING TO THE SEA...

...TO LIGHT CUTTING ROCKS, ROCKS CUTTING WAVES...

...TO BONES, NEVER BLEACHED BY SUN, BUT PITTED, SWADDLED IN GREEN.

I SING LIKE SIREN I AM...

...AND WAS.

I SING OF THE DAY LONG LONG AGO WHEN FIRST I SAW ERIC, CLIMBING THE HILLSIDE, LAUGHING WITH HIS FRIENDS.

HE LOOKED UP AND WE HELD ONE ANOTHER IN GAZE, ONE DISTANT FIGURE TO ANOTHER.

HE WAVED, AND I BLUSHED DOWN TO THE SOLES OF MY FEET, STRANGE WARMTH SPREADING THROUGH ME LIKE A SUDDEN FEVER...

SAVE THE COLD SPOT ON THE BACK OF MY NECK WHERE RESTED GERAINT'S SEETHING GAZE.

I SING OF THE SILENCE.

WE NEVER SPOKE. WE TOUCHED ONLY THE ONCE, AT THE MARKET, WHEN MY FOOT SLIPPED ON THE WET COBBLE...

AND HE CAUGHT MY ARM TO STEADY ME.

I COULD NOT BRING MYSELF EVEN TO SAY "THANK YOU..."

...SO GREAT THE WHELMING TIDE OF LONGING...

...SO THUNDEROUS THE CLAMOUR OF BELLS...

...AS I SAW CLEARLY HIS EYES FOR THE FIRST AND ONLY TIME.

BUT GERAINT SAW, AND FELT, AND UNDERSTOOD ALL.

I SING OF THAT AWFUL DAY OF GLOOM AND GALE WHEN ONLY ONE CAPTAIN WAS MAD ENOUGH...

...FOOL ENOUGH...

...DESPERATE ENOUGH TO BRAVE THE SEA.

AND HOW I WAS WAKENED WHEN SUDDENLY THE NIGHT WENT DARK.

I SING THE TERRIBLE SCRAPE OF ROCK ON WOOD...

...THE SPLINTERING HULL...

...THE ROAR OF WIND, THE SHARDS OF RAIN...

THE SCREAMS, THE CRIES.

THE SILENCE BELOW, AS THE AIR, THE SKY...

AND ALL ABOVE IS COVERED OVER FOR GOOD.

I SING OF MY FURY. AND MY GRIEF FOR ALL THAT NEVER WAS.

THERE WERE MARITIME OFFICIALS. THERE WAS AN INQUEST.

"HE WAS DRUNK," I SAID, "AND FORGOT THE LIGHT."

IN HIS GUILT, HE SMASHED A LANTERN, MEANING TO BURN THE HOUSE...

"...AND THREW HIMSELF ON THE SHARDS."

I SING OF THE LIGHT...

...WHICH EVER SINCE I'VE TENDED ALONE, KEEPING THE BEACONS SURE AND CEASELESS.

IN THE VILLAGE THEY LOOK UP AND SAY...

"THERE LIVES THE MAD WIDOW ANGHARAD, THE OLD HAG OF THE LIGHT. WHO SINGS TO THE SEA...

...LIKE THE SIREN SHE IS...

AND WAS."

one with Her hands
open
“don’t be afraid,” she said
“no one will know it —
just you and me”
and when it’s over
i’ll go back

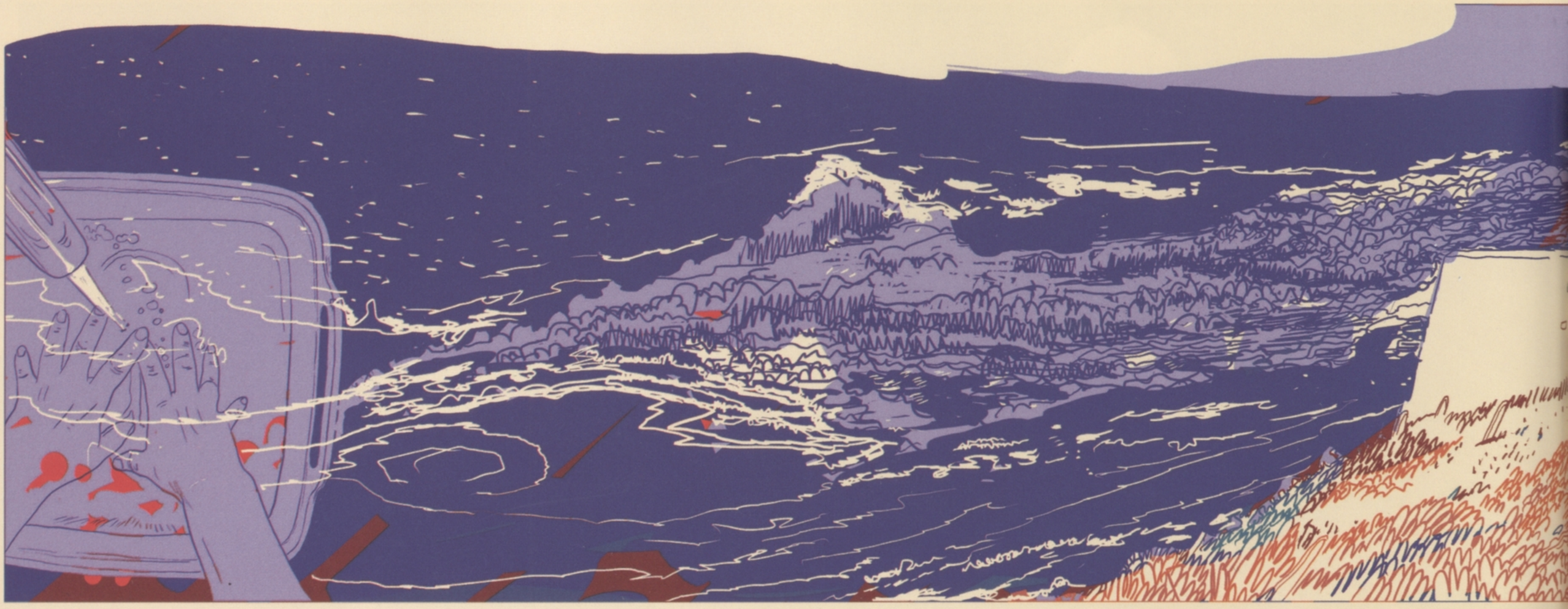
THE POOL

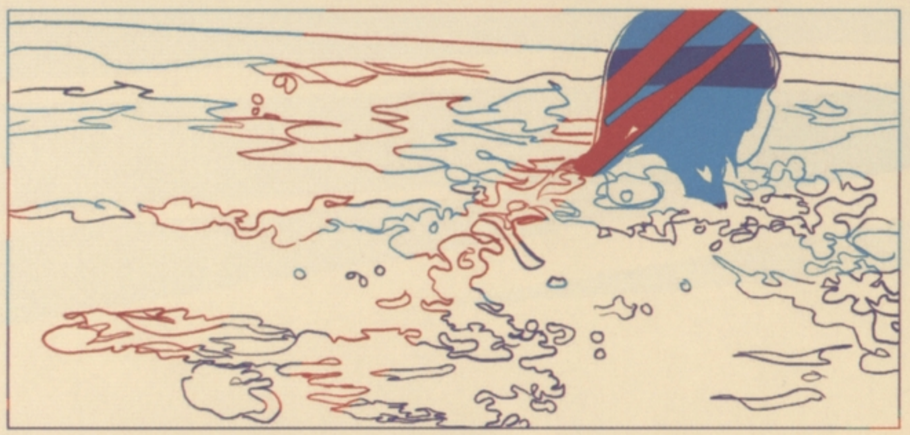
ALISON SAMPSON
Writer & Artist

FORGIVE ME.

ANNICK

IT WAS ONLY SUPPOSED TO BE A FLING.

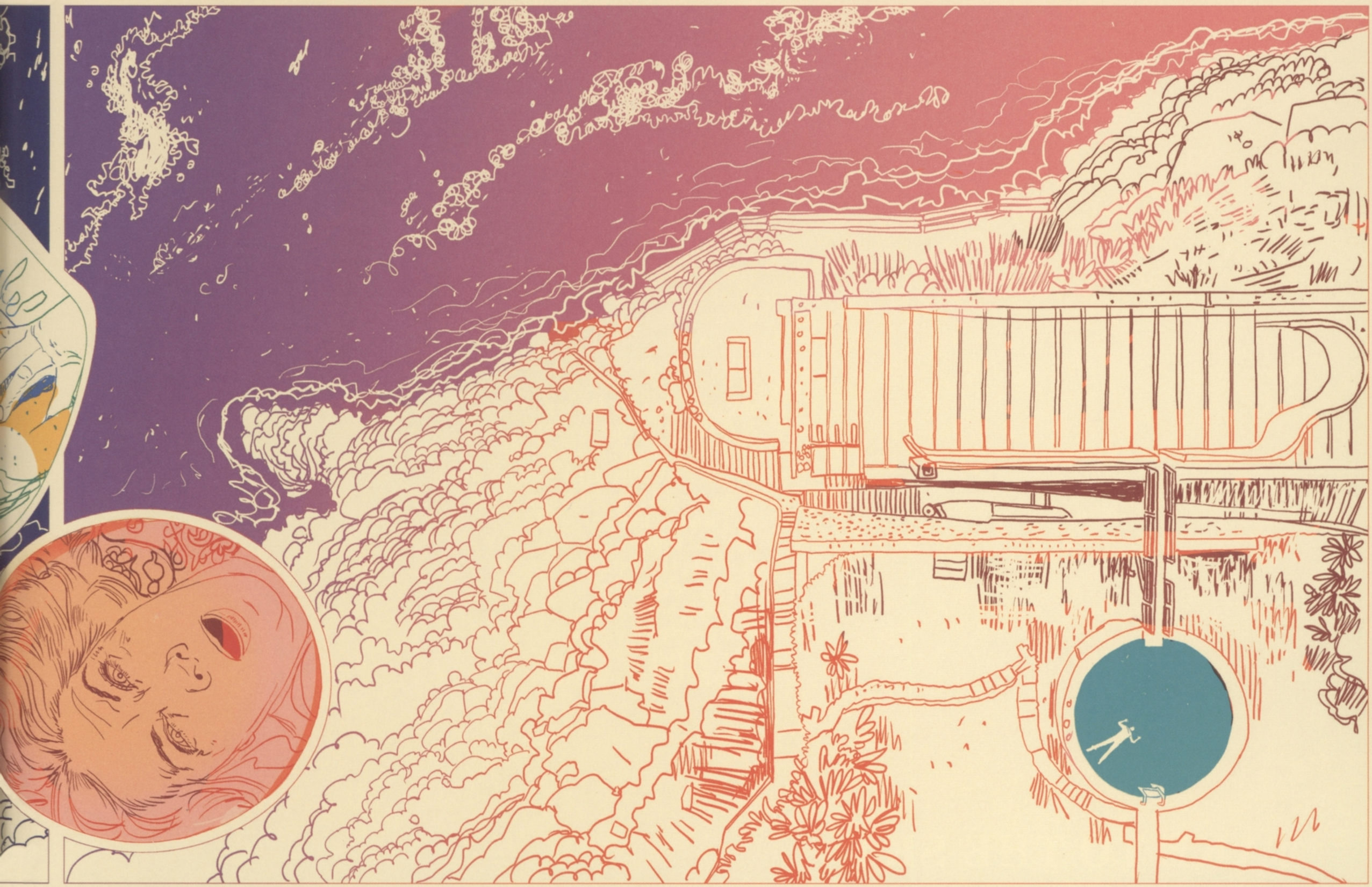




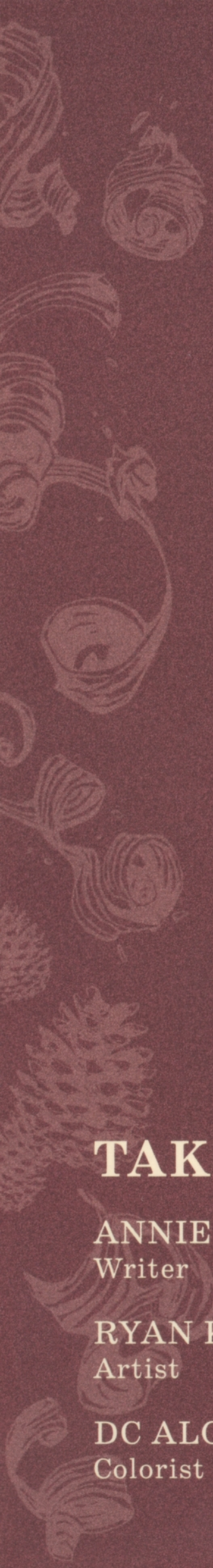
COME AWAY WITH ME.

NO.

WHO ARE YOU TALKING TO?



NO ONE.



this House is like Russia
with eyes cold and grey
You got me moving in a circle
I dyed my hair red today
I just want a little passion
to hold me in the dark
I know I've got some magic
buried deep in my heart yeah
but my priest says
you ain't savin no souls
my father says
you ain't makin any money
my doctor says
you just took it to the limit
and here I stand
with this sword in my hand
you can say it one more time
what you don't like
let me hear it one more time then
have a seat while I
take to the sky

my heart is Like the ocean
it gets in the way
so close to touching freedom
then I hear the guards call my name
if you don't like me just a little
why do you hang around
there she goes again
wearing those purple panties
there she goes again
wearing her heart
there she goes again
why do You
take it, take it, take it

TAKE TO THE SKY

ANNIE ZALESKI
Writer

RYAN KELLY
Artist

DC ALONSO
Colorist

I KNOW I'VE GOT SOME MAGIC BURIED, BURIED DEEP IN MY HEART. BUT WHERE?

AND WHAT WILL I SACRIFICE TO FIND IT?

PASSION WILL GET YOU FAR...EVEN JUST A LITTLE BIT HELPS. I KNOW I'LL NEED ALL THE HELP I CAN GET.

THIS IS TOUGHER THAN I THOUGHT...

MY SOUL DOESN'T NEED SAVING!

I HAVE ENOUGH MONEY!

YOU WON'T LISTEN TO MY LIMITS!

BEHIND THAT DOOR IS WHAT I NEED. BUT WHERE'S THE KEY?

THUNK

SHINNNGG

FWSHHH

PLING

AT LONG LAST, I'VE FOUND IT!

TAKE TO THE SKY!

"Lie, lie, lies ev'rywhere," said the father to the son
your peppermint breath gonna choke 'em to death,
daddy watch your little black sheep run
he got a knives in his back ev'ry time he opens up
you say, "he got be strong if he wanna be a man"
mister I don't know how you can have
sweet dreams, sweet dreams
land, land of liberty
we're run by a constipated man
when you live in the past
you refuse to see when your
daughter come home nine months pregnant
with five billion points of light
gonna shine 'em on the face of your friends
they got the earth in a sling
they got the world on her knees
they even got your zipper between their teeth
sweet dreams, sweet dreams
you say, you say, you say that you have 'em,
I say that you're a liar
sweet dreams, sweet dreams
go on, go on, go on and dream,
your house is on fire
come along now
well, well, summer wind been catching up with me
"elephant mind, Missy you don't have
you forgettin' to fly,
darlin', when you sleep."
I got a hazy, lazy Susan
takin turns all over my dreams
I got lizards and snakes runnin' through my body.
Funny how they all have my face
sweet dreams, sweet dreams

SWEET DREAMS

MARC ANDREYKO
Writer

PIOTR KOWALSKI
Artist

DC ALONSO
Colorist

LIE, LIE, LIES EVERYWHERE!

YOUR PEPPERMINT BREATH GONNA CHOKE 'EM TO DEATH.

DADDY, WATCH YOUR LITTLE BLACK SHEEP RUN...

HE GOT A KNIVES IN HIS BACK EV'RY TIME HE OPENS UP

KO WAL SKI

HE GOT BE STRONG IF HE WANNA BE A MAN!

MISTER, I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU CAN HAVE....

...SWEET DREAMS...

...SWEET DREAMS...

LAND, LAND OF LIBERTY

WE'RE RUN BY A CONSTIPATED MAN

YOU REFUSE TO SEE WHEN YOUR...

...DAUGHTER COMES HOME NINE MONTHS PREGNANT

WITH FIVE BILLION POINTS OF LIGHT

GONNA SHINE 'EM ON THE FACE OF YOUR FRIENDS

THEY GOT THE EARTH IN A SLING...

THEY GOT THE WORLD ON HER KNEES...

THEY EVEN GOT YOUR ZIPPER BETWEEN THEIR TEETH

SWEET DREAMS

SWEET DREAMS

YOU SAY, YOU SAY, YOU SAY THAT YOU HAVE 'EM

I SAY THE YOU'RE A LIAR!

SWEET DREAMS

SWEET DREAMS

GO ON, GO ON, GO ON AND DREAM

YOUR HOUSE IS ON FIRE

COME ALONG NOW

WELL, WELL, SUMMER WIND BEEN CATCHING UP WITH ME

ELEPHANT MIND, MISSY YOU DON'T HAVE.

you're forgettin'
to fly
you're forgettin'
to fly
you're forgettin'
to fly
you're forgettin'
to fly
you're forgettin'
to fly
you're forgettin'
to fly
you're forgettin'
to fly
you're forgettin'
to fly

DARLIN' WHEN YOU SLEEP

I GOT A HAZY, LAZY SUSAN, TAKIN' TURNS ALL OVER MY DREAMS

I GOT SNAKES AND LIZARDS RUNNIN' THROUGH MY BODY

FUNNY HOW THEY ALL GOT MY FACE

SWEET DREAMS

SWEET DREAMS

Everybody wants something from you,
Everybody want a piece of Mary
Lush valley all dressed in green
Just ripe for the picking

God I want to get you out of here,
You can ride in a pink Mustang.
When I think of what we've done to you

Oh, Mary, can you hear me?

Growing up isn't always fun,
They tore your dress and stole your ribbons.
They see you cry, they lick their lips,
But butterflies don't belong in nets.

Oh Mary, can you hear me?
Mary, you're bleeding
Mary, don't be afraid
We're just waking up
And I hear help is on the way

Mary, can you hear me ?
Mary, like Jimmi said
Mary, don't be afraid
'Cause even the wind…
Even the wind cries your name

Everybody wants you sweetheart,
Everybody got a dream of glory
Las Vegas got a pin-up girl
They got her armed as they buy and sell her

Rivers of milk are running dry,
Can't you hear the dolphins crying?
What'll we do when our babies scream?
Fill their mouths with some acid rain?

Oh Mary, can you hear me?
Mary, you're bleeding
Mary, don't be afraid
We're just waking up
And i hear help is on the way

Mary, can you hear me?
Mary, like Jimmi said
Mary, don't be afraid
'Cause even the wind…
Even the wind cries your name

Na nay nay nay nay, na na na nay nay
Na nay nay nay nay, na na na nay nay, ooh ooh
Na nay nay nay nay, na na na nay

Oh butterflies don't belong in nets

Oh Mary, can you hear me?
Mary, you're bleeding
Mary, don't be afraid
We're just waking up
And I hear help is on the way

Mary, can you hear me?
Mary, like Jimmi said
Mary, don't be afraid
'Cause even the wind…
Even the wind cries your name
'Cause even the wind cries your name
'Cause even the wind cries your name
Cries your name…
Cries your name…
Cries your name…

MARY

LYNN CROSBIE
Writer

GABRIEL BAUTISTA
Artist

THIS IS MARY'S APARTMENT, BUT SHE IS NEVER HOME.

1234

SHE WALKS THE CITY STREETS EACH DAY, DOING HER WORK (AT THE SOUP KITCHEN AND SHELTER AND CLINIC AND HOSPICES,) AND STOPPING TO TALK.

EVERYONE KNOWS HER: THEY CALL HER NAME AND IT SOUNDS LIKE A SONG.

HELP

SPACE DOG

EVEN AMIDST THE UGLINESS, SHE DOES NOT DESPAIR.

I HEAR HER AT NIGHT, RUSTLING IN HER ROOMS.

SHE COMES OUT, AND KNEELING, LEAVES BOWLS OUT OF OAT MILK AND HONEY, SEEDS, ACORNS, PEANUTS AND SWEET MARZIPAN FOR THE ANIMALS AND INSECTS.

I BEGIN TO FOLLOW HER, WHEREVER SHE GOES.

1234

SHE AND HER BIRD SONNY VOLUNTEER AT THE LIBRARY. IT IS SAID THAT SHE LOST HER OWN CHILD.

I WONDER IF SHE IS THINKING OF HIM.

HANG IN THERE

INRI

SOME NIGHTS, I WITNESS HER PURE JOY: SHE SNAPS HER FINGERS AND FILLS THE SEAS WITH GOLDEN DOLPHINS;

SHE PIERCES THE NIGHT AND FILLS THE AIR WITH STARLETS AND RIDES A WILD HORSE.

WHEN WE EAT, WE BRING HER PRESENTS AND SHE ADMIRES THEM, KISSING EACH OF US. SHE IS TEACHING SONNY TO FLY.

MR. ANTAS WATCHES US. HE HATES THE CRAZY LADY AND *HER VERMIN*.

MARY LEAVES THE PLUSH BLANKETS SHE KNITS AND HONEYED PACIFIERS AT EVERY DOOR FOR THE CRYING CHILDREN.

EVERYTHING SHE TOUCHES MULTIPLIES.

SHE SEES ME. *FEAR NOT, LITTLE ONE,* SHE SAYS.

THEN EVERYTHING CHANGES.

HER HANDS SHAKE WHEN SHE PUTS OUT THE BOWLS. SONNY IS VERY SICK.

I WANT HER TO BE BETTER.

I CALL OUT TO HER, *CAN YOU HEAR ME? EVEN THE WIND CRIES YOUR NAME.*

BUT IT'S NO GOOD.

SONNY DIES. SHE CARRIES HIM TO THE SHRINE AT THE LITTLE CONVENT.

THEY HAVE HURT ME AS THEY HURT THE WORLD, SHE SAYS AS I WATCH HER. I FEEL SICK WHEN I THINK OF WHAT THEY'VE DONE TO HER.

IT RAINS POISON ALL NIGHT. AT DAWN SHE TELLS ME THAT HELP IS ON THE WAY.

I WILL DO YOUR WORK, MARY, I SAY IN DREAMS WHERE SHE AND SONNY FLY FAR ABOVE THE SKY AND BROOD OVER AND DELIGHT IN HER BROKEN, BEAUTIFUL WORLD.

MOTHER

repair the earth

For my mother, Heather Crosbie
and her mother, Mary Macdonald:
my stars, my beautiful birds,

Dóminus tecum.

Don't say morning's come
don't say it's up to me
if I could take 25 minutes
out of the record books.

Sugar
he brings me sugar

bobby's collecting bees
and hammers, he used one on me.
Cold war with little boys
get in with a bubble gum trade...

and.
sugar, bring me sugar
I know the robins bring,
bring me many things
but...

Sugar
he brings me sugar
as far as I can tell
I've been gone for miles now

and you know, and I know
I don't know me very well

and I know, and you know
if they found me out.

Sugar
he brings me sugar
I know the robins bring
they bring me many things but...

Sugar
he brings me sugar
I know the robins bring
they bring many things but...

sugar

SUGAR

GIBSON TWIST
Writer

RORI!
Artist

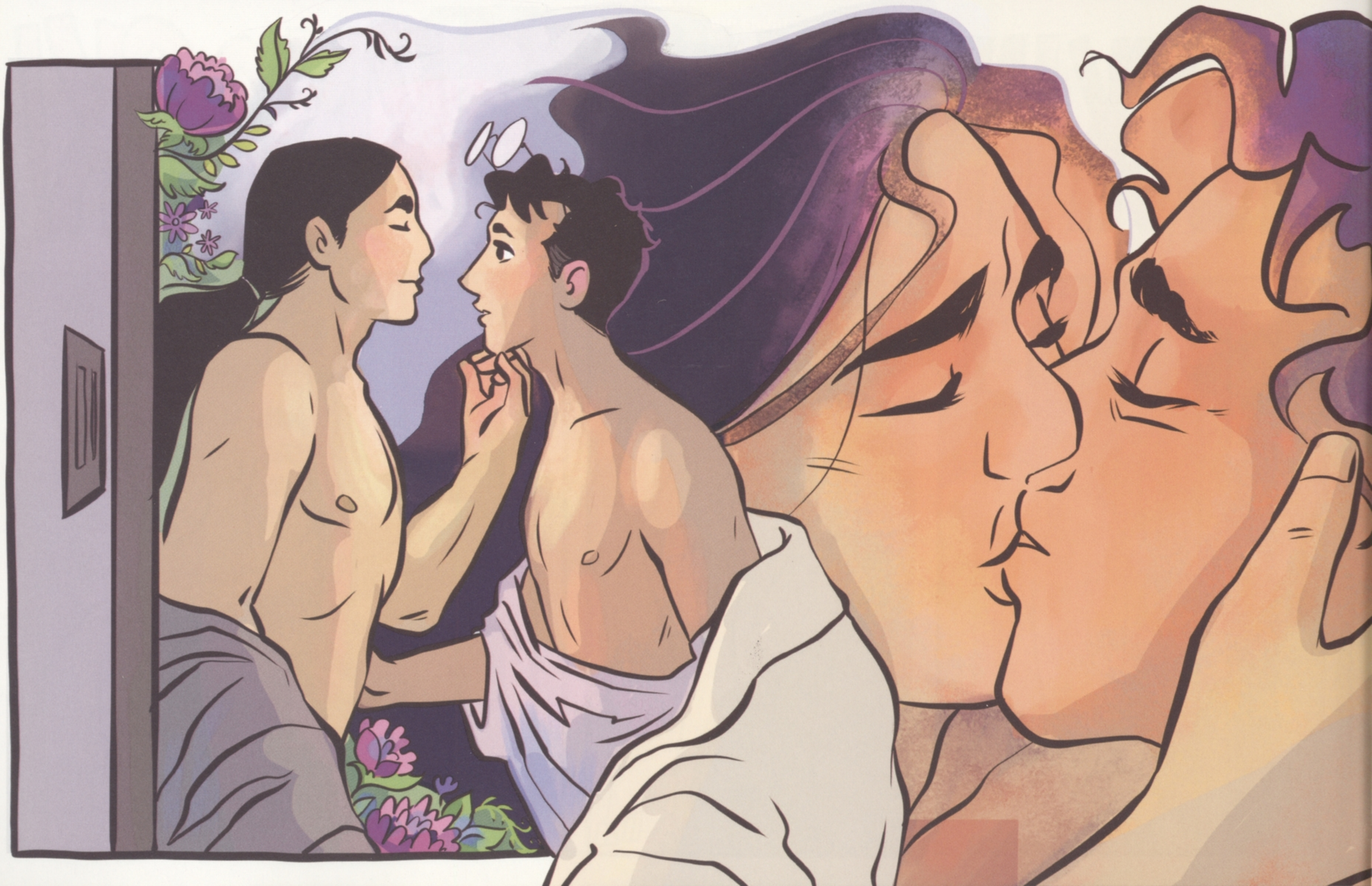
KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK!

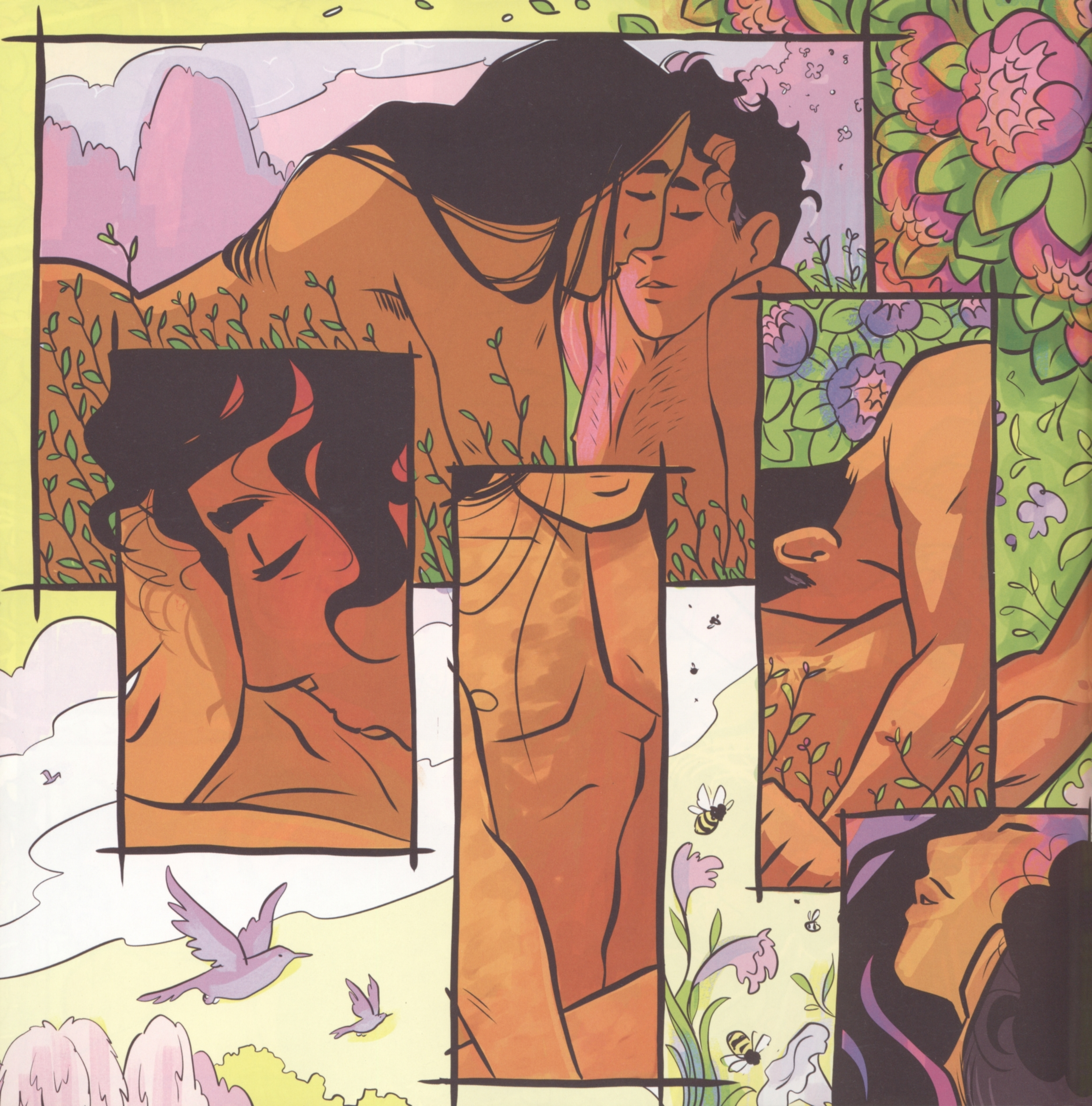
Hello, may I--

help...

...you?

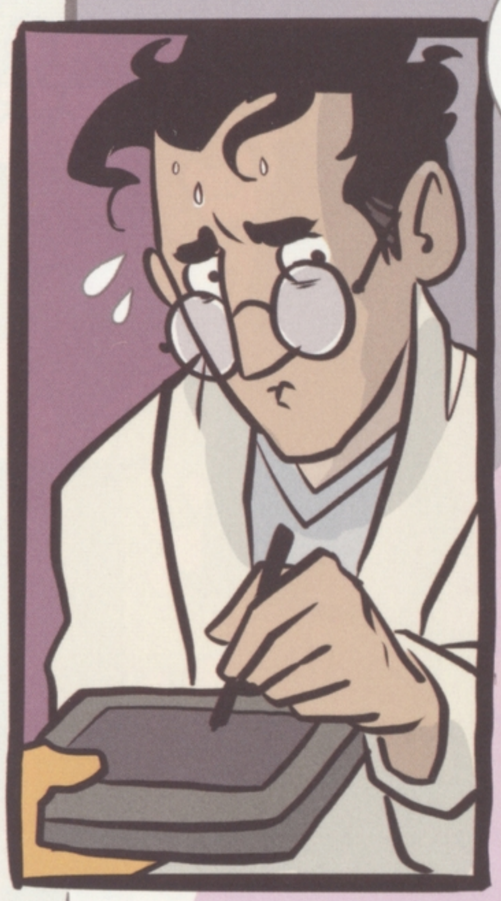
Hī.





Sign here, please.

DUS
HINGS
LIVERY



Have yourself a great day.
PTD

uh, you... hem hem you too...

Who was at the door, hon?

Hmm?

DAD

Oh, just the delivery guy.

Oh...

The delivery guy...

wait, this is the wrong address!

♡Robi! '22

Hey kid, I've got a ride for you
they say your brain is a comic book tattoo
and you'll never be anything

"what will you do with your life"
oh, that's all you hear from noon till night

take a trip on a rocket ship baby
where the sea is the sky
I know the guy who runs the place
and he's out of sight

Flying Dutchman, are you out there?
Flying Dutchman, are you out there?
Flying Dutchman, are you out there?

Straight suits, they don't understand
she tried, that one with the alligator boots
but the other side drew her in

heart falling fast when she left
even the milky way was dressed in black

take a trip on a rocket ship baby
the sea is the sky
I know the guy who runs the place
and he's out of sight

Flying Dutchman, are you out there?
Flying Dutchman, are you out there?
Flying Dutchman

'cause they can't see what you're born to be
they can't see me

they can't be what they can't believe
they can't see what you see

keep the boys spinning in their own little world
tie 'im up so he won't say a word
they keep the boy spinning in their own little world
so afraid he'll be what they never were

take a trip on a rocket ship baby
the sea is the sky
I know the guy who runs the place
and he's out of sight

Flying Dutchman, are you out there?
Flying Dutchman, are you out there?
Flying Dutchman

'cause they can't see
'cause they can't see
'cause they can't see
are you still out there?

FLYING DUTCHMAN

RANTZ A. HOSELEY
Writer & Artist

AT THE START.

EVERY EXPERIENCE.

(BIG AND SMALL)

HAS SO MUCH SIGNIFICANCE.

SUCH INCREDIBLE WEIGHT.

THAT EACH MOMENT BECOMES A MARKER...

A RECORD OF EXPLORATIONS INTO UNKNOWN LANDS.

WITH TIME, THEY FORM A MAP OF MNEMONIC ISLANDS AS YOU NAVIGATE LIFE.

FIRST MOMENT OF PRIDE.

FIRST MOMENT OF SORROW.

FIRST LOVE.

FIRST HEARTBREAK.

THEIR SHAPE AND BOUNDARIES DEFINING YOUR IDENTITY WITHIN THIS WORLD...

"I AM DESIRED"

"I AM A VICTIM"

"I NEED TO MATTER"

"THIS IS WHAT I DESERVE."

"..."

"THIS IS ALL I DESERVE."

THE MOMENTS PILE UP, DAY BY DAY...

UNTIL THEY LOSE INDIVIDUAL VALUE.

LIKE TV SNOW.

YOU CAN TRY TO MAKE SENSE OF IT ALL...

SORT IT. CATEGORIZE IT.

(IN THE NAME OF 'COPING')

FEAR.

AMBITION.

DESIRE.

INTELLECT.

ETC.

ETC.

UNTIL...

UNSUSTAINABLE, IT CRASHES DOWN...

A TSUNAMI OF PAST MOMENTS.

YOU SEE OTHERS STROLLING ACROSS IT ALL LIKE SOME CHAUNCY GARDNER MESSIAH.

BUT YOU...

YOU'RE TRYING SO DESPERATELY TO JUST...

NOT...

GO...

UNDER...

IT COILS UNDER YOU.

"THIS IS ALL YOU DESERVE"

CLAWING AT YOUR ANKLES.

(BECAUSE YOU CAN'T BE WHAT YOU CAN'T BELIEVE.)

AS YOU FALL...

THOSE MOMENTS MOVE PAST YOU.

SHIFTING FAR ABOVE ON THE SURFACE.

AND FOR THE FIRST TIME YOU SEE...

THE MOMENTS OF BEAUTY...

AND ATROCITY...

THEY NEED EACH OTHER.

THE DISTANCE MAKING IT CLEAR.

SO THAT...

FINALLY...

YOU CAN SEE.

WHAT YOU'RE BORN TO BE.

Humpty Dumpty sat on the wall
Humpty dumpty had a great big fall
all the kings horses and all the kings men
couldn't put Humpty together again

Humpty dumpty and Betty Louise
stole a Sony and some Camembert cheese
she said "Humpty baby, take me
oooh, yeah, take me to the river
'cause I like the way it runs, yeah,
take me to the river
you know I like the way it runs, yeah"

he said, "Everything's going my way"
he said, "Maybe it's my la-lucky day"
and he said, "anything you want
i can give"
she said, "I wanna take your picture
just for me"
he said, "Anything"
she said, "Up there, baby

get on the wall, babe."

Humpty Dumpty sat on the wall
and looked at her as he was falling
all the kings horses and all the kings men
couldn't put Humpty together again

hey, Betty Louise
hey, Betty Louise
she said, "I like custard in the summer, honey
oh yeah, what it takes to be queen
hey, what it takes to be queen
what it takes to be...oh

HUMPTY DUMPTY

ANDREW BRANDOU
Writer & Artist

CUSTARD QUEEN

CHK-CHK
CHK-CHK

HEY HANDSOME!

WHO...*ME*?

COME TAKE SOME PICTURES WITH ME, BABY!

MY LUCKY DAY!

OOH A *PUPPY*! TAKE A PIC OF US HUMPTY!

UHHHH OK...

KAWAII DONCHA THINK?!

LOOK! A KITTEN!

AWWWW...GET ME WITH THIS TEDDY BEAR HUMPTY!

LOOKIT THIS LI'L *BABY!*

HUMPTY! GET ME WITH THIS FISHY! HUMP? YOU OK?

DANGIT, BETTY I THOUGHT YOU WANTED PICTURES OF *US!*

SO LET ME TAKE ONE OF YOU, BIG BOY— CLIMB UP THERE!

BETTY, THIS IS KINDA HIGH...

I CAN BARELY SEE YOU - LEAN OUT A LITTLE DUMMY!

I DUNNO...I *WHOOPS!*

I HOPE YOU GET THE SHOT SWEETHEART!

OH MY HUMPTY!
THIS IS WONDERFUL!

I JUST LOVE CUSTARD!

YUM!

CUSTARD QUEEN

In my head I found you there and
running around and following me
but you don't, don't
dare, now. But I
find that I have, now,
more then I ever wanted too

so maybe Thomas Jefferson
wasn't born in your backyard
like you have said and
maybe I'm just the horizon you run to when
she has left
you there, you, are
here in my head
and running around and calling me
come back I'll show you the roses
that brush off the snow
and open their petals again and again
and you know that
apple green ice cream
can melt in your hands
I can't, so...

I, I held your hand at the fair
and even forgot what time it was
and even Thomas Jefferson
wasn't born in your backyard
like you have said and
maybe I'm just the horizon you run to
when she has left
you and me here
alone on the floor,
you're counting my feathers
as the bell tolls
you see the bow and the belt
and the girl from the south
all favorites of mine
you know them all well
and spring brings fresh little puddles
that makes it all clear
makes it all...
hey, do you know,
do You know,
what this is doing to me?
here. here.
Here. in my head.

HERE IN MY HEAD

JAMAICA DYER
Writer & Artist

We lock eyes in the crowd
you give me this smile

you came with a
friend of a friend

we lose them right away

HERE IN MY HEAD

JAM DYE

Soon I can't hear
anyone else.

Can I try?

There is only you.

The full power
of your gaze
is intoxicating

you flourish
with my amazement

And I melt with you

I don't want the night to end

I want to take my time with you.

When can I see you next?

I thought of you when I woke up... I miss the smell of your hair

Mmm same

I haven't showered

I smell like you and the ocean

It's a busy week.

Maybe coffee next week?

Two weeks later.

Sorry I'm so tired

It's been rough with my girlfriend

girlfriend?

Mhm.

Oh, um, what's happening?

The usual

We're fighting

Oh.

Is it weird, like, does she know about me?

She knows I met someone

How's that work?

I try to act casual

We just talk about our feelings. A LOT.

We never go out at night

But our daytime dates aren't bad.

Far from it,

We're completely unhinged

I'm left tortured

in the weeks

in between

your excuses

...

come back

I'll show you the roses that brush off the snow

And open their petals

again and again

I can't stop myself

Even as you send me down a spiral

You keep me interested

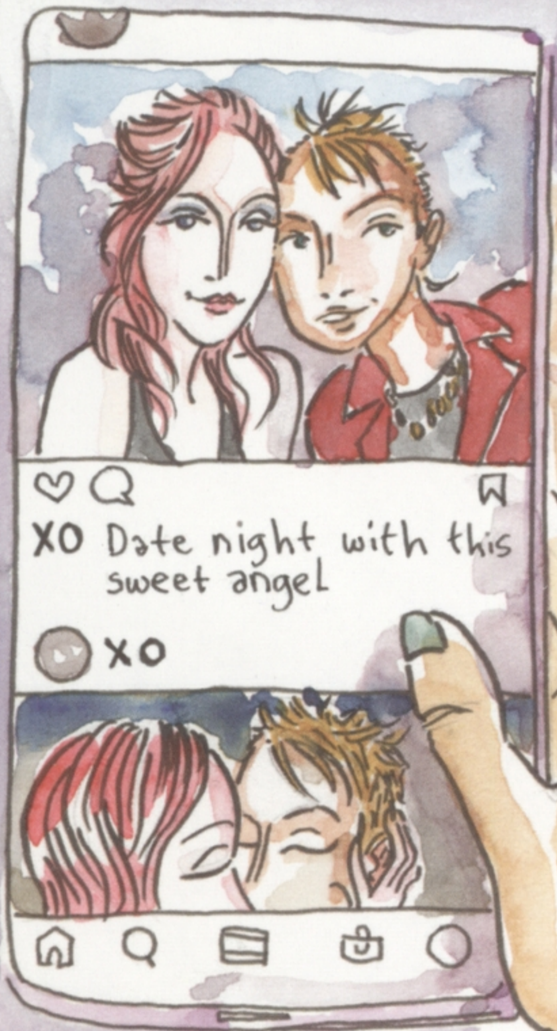
I know you're with someone

And I don't care

shivering and anticipating

I miss you

Our world is entirely private



Except

It makes me want you even more.

Maybe I'm just the horizon you run to when they've left

If only you Knew.

JAM

AFTERWORD

NEIL GAIMAN
Writer

MONTOS
Artist

DEE CUNNIFFE
Colorist

THIS WAS THE SONG THAT RANTZ WARNED ME ABOUT.

"SHE SINGS ABOUT YOU", HE SAID, "DON'T SUE HER". I HAD NEVER SUED ANYBODY AND COULDN'T IMAGINE SUING OVER A SONG. ANYWAY, HE SAID IT WITH A SMILE.

I DIDN'T LISTEN TO IT UNTIL I GOT HOME.

I LIVED IN THE U.K. THEN.

OH These little earthquakes here We go again these little earthqu

I PLAYED IT IN THE CAR AS I DROVE, AN ALBUM THAT WOULD BECOME HALF *LITTLE EARTHQUAKES*, HALF *B-SIDES*. IT WAS MAGICAL.

I LOVED WHAT I HEARD, HAD NO IDEA WHAT KIND OF PERSON WAS SINGING SONGS OF SUCH PERCEPTION AND HONESTY.

Doesn't take much to RIP us into pieces

I LOVED THAT SHE DEPLOYED MUSIC AS A WEAPON, MADE PIANO A ROCK INSTRUMENT IN A WAY I'D NEVER EXPERIENCED.

Give me life give me Pain

Give me myself again

I Can't reach You I Can't reach You

AND I WAS *IN* THE SONG. SORT OF, EVEN THOUGH WE'D NEVER MET.

A SONG ABOUT THE ***FROZEN MOMENT*** WHERE A RELATIONSHIP ENDS, WHERE YOU AREN'T SURE WHO YOU ***ARE*** ANYMORE, ONLY AWARE THAT YOU AREN'T WHAT SOMEONE ELSE ***WANTS***.

I WROTE HER A POSTCARD, THEN, SPOTTING A PHONE NUMBER ON THE CASSETTE, I ***CALLED*** HER.

WE MET IN THE *CANAL BRASSERIE* IN *NOTTING HILL*, WHERE SHE WAS PLAYING PIANO AND SINGING.

SHE HAD ***RED HAIR***, GLORIOUSLY ***ARTIFICIAL***, AND THE BIGGEST ***SMILE***, GLORIOUSLY ***REAL***.

AFTERWARDS WE WALKED AWAY AND *TALKED* AND *TALKED* AND *TALKED*.

IT'S BEEN OVER 30 YEARS, AND WE HAVEN'T STOPPED TALKING. SHE'S MY *WISEST* FRIEND.

I USED TO FEEL LIKE A *SECRET*, KNOWN ONLY TO TORI AUDIENCES, AS THEY'D CALL AND CHEER WHEN MY NAME WAS MENTIONED.

TORI AND ME, HANGING OUT WITH THE DREAM KING.

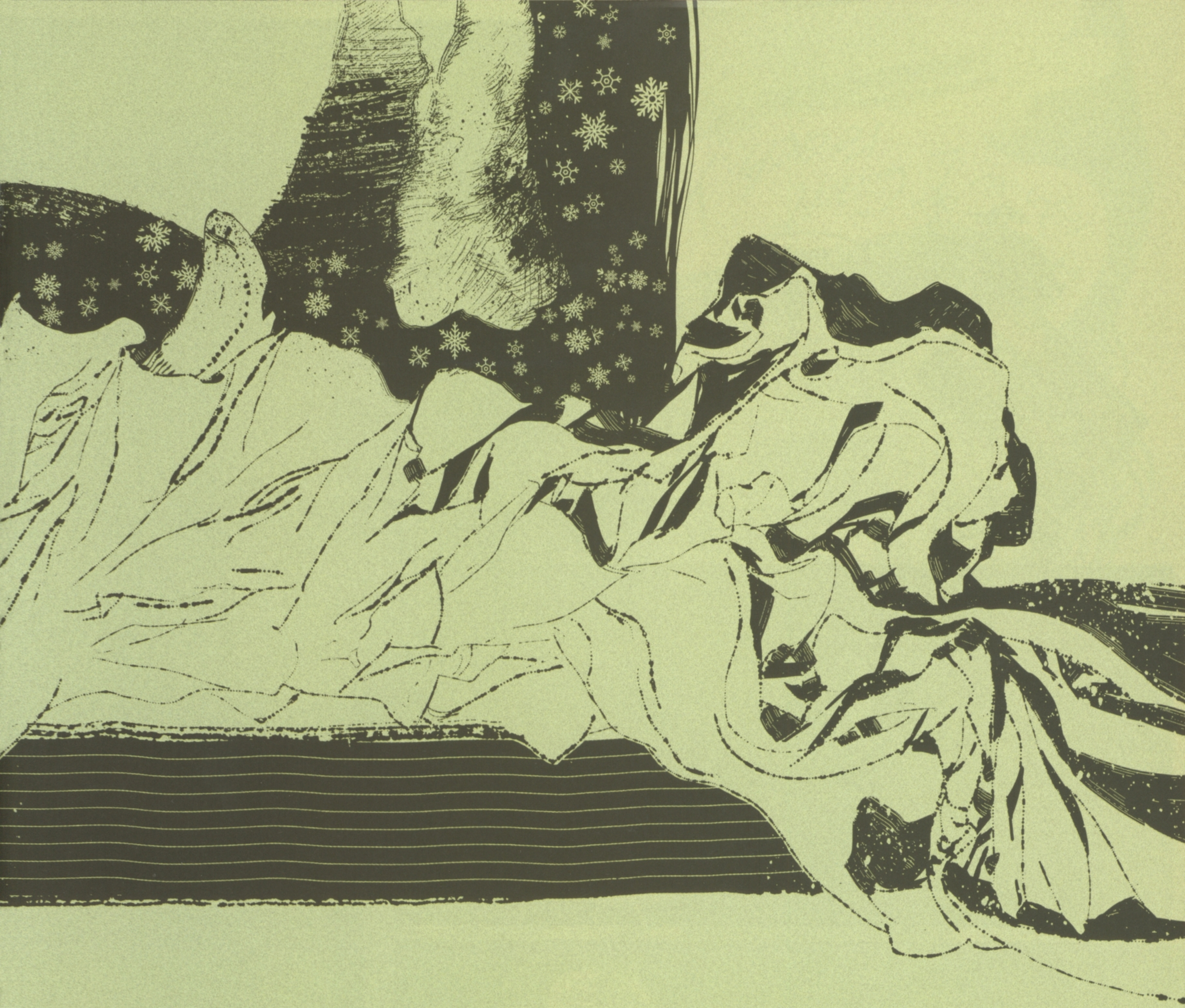
WE GOT OLD, ESPECIALLY ME.

MISSING

BUT SOMETIMES I LOOK AT TORI, AND I SEE HER BEAUTIFUL MOTHER IN HER FACE, JUST AS I SEE TORI'S FACE IN HER BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTER, AND I REMEMBER THAT *THAT'S* WHAT WE'RE HERE FOR...

TO SWIM IN THE RIVER OF *TIME* AS IT SWEEPS US ALL DOWN TO THE *OCEAN*, TEARS AND ALL, AND TAKES US AWAY INTO THE *DARKNESS*...

...LEAVING OUR *CHILDREN* BEHIND US, AND OUR *STORIES*, AND OUR *SONGS*.



Thirty years after its arrival, the impact of Tori Amos' seminal album, *Little Earthquakes*, remains undeniable. Contained inside this volume, twenty-four comic vignettes expand upon the myths within the album tracks and B-Sides that firmly established Tori as a musical force. This anthology contains stories by some of the greatest creators working in comics and literature, including Margaret Atwood, Kelly Sue DeConnick, Bill Sienkiewicz, Neil Gaiman, David Mack, and Catherynne Valente. *Little Earthquakes – The Graphic Album* is a powerful tribute to the lasting influence of an iconic, legendary album.

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